

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1992

BLACK LABEL

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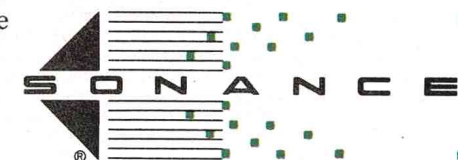


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Australian PENTHOUSE

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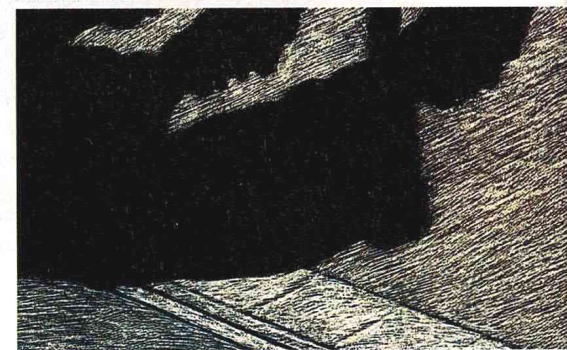
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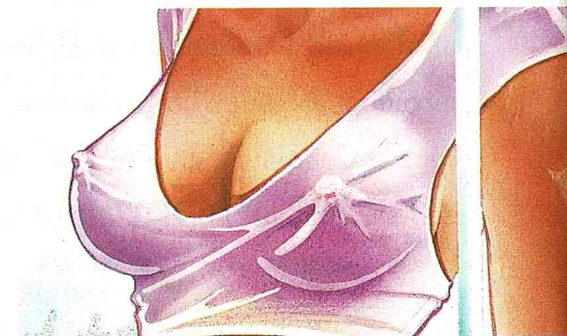
Crime Wave



Sweat And Blood



Davo's Little Something



The Blonde Backlash

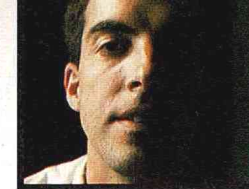
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JEAN NORMAN



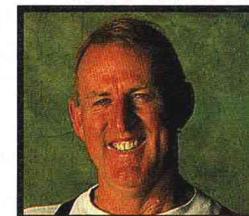
GRAHAM MONRO



ROGER GRIFFIN



MARK ABERNETHY



ROBERT BARRETT

housecall

CRIME WAVE

Violent street crime has increased dramatically on the Gold Coast in the last two years. Bag-snatching, muggings, pickpocketing and "beach theft", frequently directed at foreign tourists, is causing increasing concern amongst local authorities who recognise the threat to the Gold Coast's lifeblood — tourism. **Mark Abernethy** documents the Gold Coast's crime wave on page 26. The evocative artography is by **Bernard Rosa**.

SWEAT AND BLOOD

Each year, for a few minutes during the Fiesta Of San Fermin, all of Spain holds its breath while Pamplona runs the bulls. And each year the bull run marks another orgy of drunkenness, bravura and blood. **Robert Roche** and photographer **Jorg Steinert** visited Pamplona for a taste of the action. You'll find their explosive story on page 34.

HARD CASE

Ron Casey is the Australian media's king of conflict. His very public confrontations with media personalities Jana Wendt and Normie Rowe have resulted in a reputation for ratbaggy that Casey goes to great pains to deny. But one thing Casey's public brawls have done is generate some sensational free promotion. Is radio's hit man crazy or crafty? Journalist **Richard Sleeman**, who researched and wrote Casey's biography *Confessions Of A Larrikin*, knows the man better than most. His insights into this enigmatic figure on page 50 make fascinating reading. **Graham Monro** shot the accompanying portrait.

DAVO'S LITTLE SOMETHING

Robert Barrett's Les Norton novels were one of the success stories of Australian publishing in the Eighties. In an exclusive extract starting on page 66, Barrett's latest character, Davo, the butcher from Bondi, is introduced. If you liked casino bouncer Les Norton in novels such as *You Wouldn't Be Dead For Quids* and *The Godson*, then you'll love Davo. He's the original Australian Psycho. **Roger Griffin** created the artwork.

BLONDE BACKLASH

Something is happening to society, and it's not good for blondes. People are telling rude jokes about them. Blondes are sneaking off to the hairdresser's and returning home baffled and brunette. Blondes have their backs against the wall. **Jean Norman**, a staunch blonde, conducts a bleached-roots investigation into the sinister undercurrents behind the blonde backlash. **Doug Lockyer** added the illustration. Turn to page 80.

BOXING PROFESSIONALS

The environment is still the ropery backstreet gym, but the clientele is changing; white collar professionals are taking to the boxing ring, keen to gain the skills without the broken noses. **Mark Dapin** documents the new face of amateur boxing on page 14, accompanied by **Geoff Howden's** striking photographs.

FEBRUARY



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Phil Abraham

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ADVERTISING

Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; National Sales Manager: Sarah Bowing; Advertising Traffic Manager: Cynthia Ragga; Vic. Brown Orr Fletcher Burrows P/L, 95 Palmerston Crescent, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 696 5188 Fax: (03) 696 5131; SA: Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel: (08) 373 1142, Fax: (08) 272 8302; Qld: Geoff Horne Agencies Pty Ltd, PO Box 247, Kenmore 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6444 Fax: (07) 202 7133; New Zealand: David Meyer, Rugby Press Ltd, PO Box 100-243, North Shore Mail Centre, Auckland 10. Tel: (09) 443 0250. Fax: (09) 443 0249; Japan: Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 3666 3036 Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ).

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Editor-in-Chief & Publisher: Bob Guccione; Sr VP/Graphics Director: Frank De Vito; VP/Art Director Intl: Joe Brooks; Art Director: Richard Bleiweiss; Editor: Peter Bloch; Managing Editor: Barbara Rice.

ADMINISTRATIVE

Sr VP/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; Sr VP/Production Director: John Evans; Sr VP Associate Publisher: Don Myrus; Foreign Editions Manager: Michael Stevens.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. West Coast: 6728 Eton Ave, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. Tel. (818) 992-4777.

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feedback

Smart drugs

Congratulations on Mark Abernethy's excellent article on "smart drugs" in the October issue.

It's still too soon to know for sure what the long-term effects of drugs such as Piracetam may be, but even if the doctors ban its use, there are still many tried and proven herbal remedies that work to boost mindpower and reduce mental fatigue, such as Gota Cola, sage tea, Gingko Biloba and others. Also, treatments such as chelation may help by clearing the arteries, increasing blood flow to the brain and taking away accumulations of metals, especially aluminium, said to cause Alzheimer's disease.

Herbal treatments are often less dramatic than drug treatments and slower acting, but they can be safer, and the experience of many generations of herbalists should be heeded. Such treatments should, however, be under the supervision of a qualified herbalist. — *Geoff Muirden, St Kilda West, Vic*

Rattling the keys

Within the confines of Her Majesty's Correctional Centre, deep far-North Queensland, I have been fortunate to acquire a copy of the August edition of your magazine and have been revived by viewing your lovely ladies. I was especially impressed by your beautiful Melindy Thomas, captured superbly by Denys Defrancesco. If it is said that the eyes are the gateway to the soul, then Melindy has certainly rattled my keys.

On another note, I was impressed with John Birmingham's article "The Enemy Within" and hope to read future articles enlightening Australian readers to the tentacles of what has only met with light exposure.

I'm looking forward to receiving future copies of your magazine to help ease the insanity of a confined sentence. — *Toddy, TCC Div 1, Qld*

Terrific Vanda

I am writing to thank you for presenting Vanda Mackenzie in October *Penthouse*. What a beautiful Australian woman! I don't know whether it was her blonde hair, eyes, smile, boobs, bum or legs. She is indeed a worthy *Penthouse* Pet and Pet Of The



Vanda Mackenzie... beautiful

Year. Also worthy of mention are Bambi's photographs. Keep up the good work. — *Name and address withheld*

Grrrrr

As a non-reader (but I have flicked through your pages) I would like to suggest some improvements for your mag to make it female-friendly.

Unless your magazine has changed dramatically over the past 12 months, it is blatantly sexist and presents us women as nice ornaments for males to "play" with. Talk about old-fashioned! I bet you pride yourselves on being modern in your thinking.

To a female who is young (19) and needs some women to look up to, I'd hate to think what *Penthouse* is doing to the minds of males. A lot of guys my age have

this stupid idea that us girls will "come around" if you make the right moves. We're potential fuck-ees! Now, can you tell me that *Penthouse* (with oodles of nymphs lining the pages) portrays women as fully human? Not just easy sluts?

Why do you fail to give women our fair share? As if men were the only ones worth bothering with. The male is the viewer, the female the dumb object. If you are after more readers, then, firstly, make the intelligent woman respect you. Cater to her needs as well. Show women as things [sic] to be appreciated, not grabbed and man-handled!

Second, stop playing on the image of sex as dirty and sinful (ie, the BLACK Label) and instead as something to be enjoyed in a loving relationship. That's the way it's supposed to be!

Believe me, most women are sick and tired of the one-sidedness of your magazines, and others like it. I'm sure a lot of girls would buy *Penthouse* if it gave them the share they deserved. — *Name and address withheld*

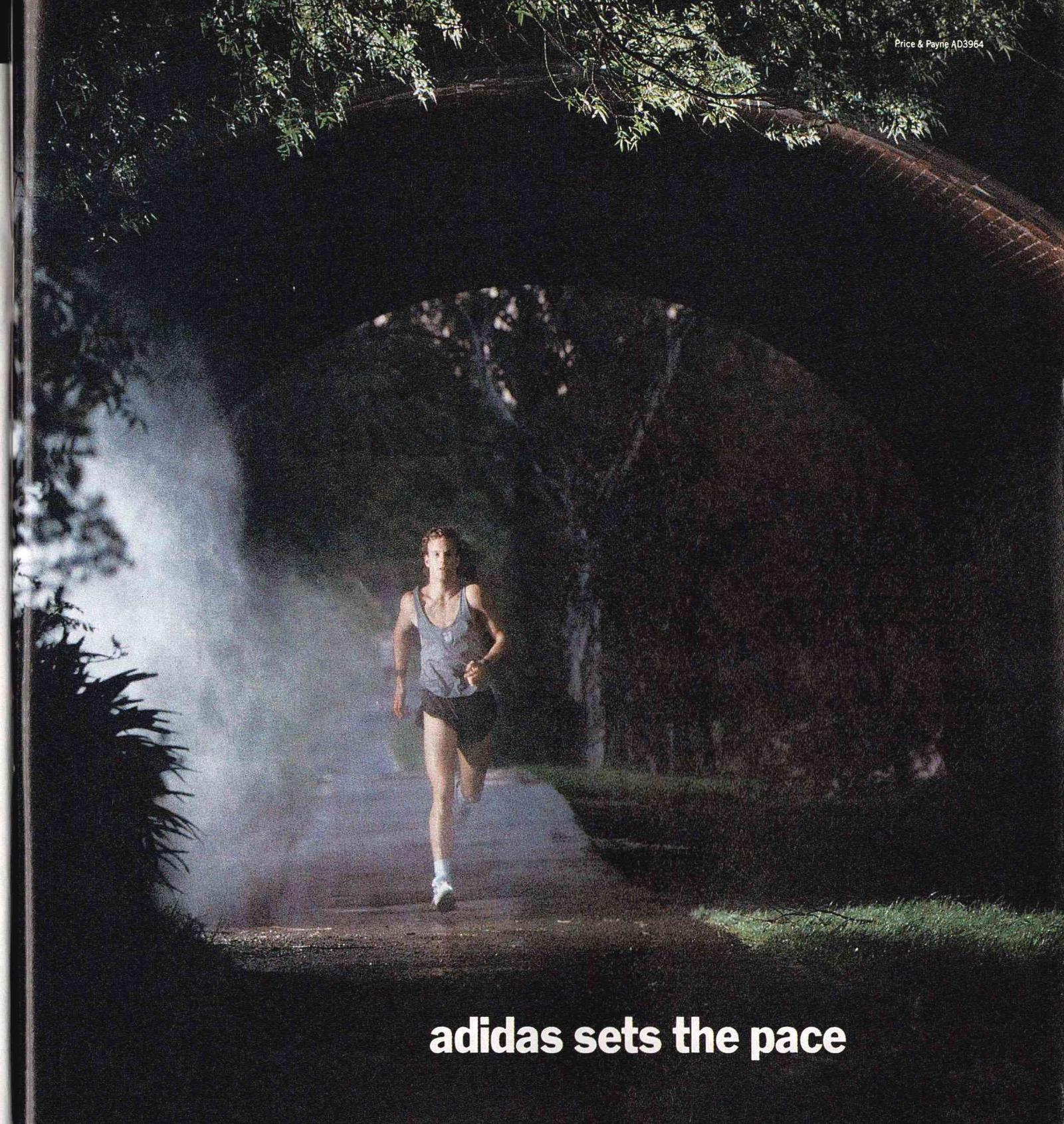
Unbreakable record

How could Malcolm Andrews in his article "Ten Unbreakable Sporting Records" (October *Penthouse*) possibly leave out Heather McKay? She won 16 successive British Opens, was only beaten twice in her career while an amateur and she never lost as a professional. This is surely a true "unbreakable sporting record" which should have been recognised by Mr Andrews. Anyway keep the sporting articles coming. — *Name and address withheld*

More erotica

I hope the quality of some of your pictorials (eg, couples, December 1990) and erotic content (couples, June 1991) continue. Can we have more Australian and less American-looking girls?

The couples in July 1991 and October 1991 looked bloody silly with those fake, non-contact poses. Surely in the Black Label we should get more erotic contact in the couples and two-women pictorials? Oh, and drop the blue and green satin suspenders — they look fake and cheap. — *Name and address withheld*



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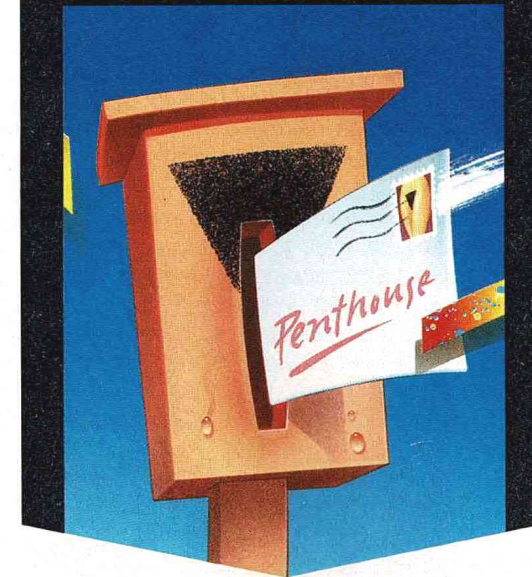


Residential surprise

Mark, Steven and I started working in the same company around the same time and we have been great friends since. Every Friday night after work the three of us religiously went down to the local watering hole to "put a few quiet ones away" as Steven would always say. I liked Steven and Mark very much — in fact I was very attracted to both of them and I would flirt outrageously with both of them, sometimes playing them off against each other. They knew what I was doing and they both loved it.

On this particular Friday night the topic of conversation was the three-day residential course we would be attending the following Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. In one way we were looking forward to it and in another weren't, but we did agree to make the most of being away from the office and once the working day was over we could do our own thing after having a dutiful drink with the rest of the people we worked with, including the boss. Monday morning finally arrived and Steven and Mark came to pick me up. As we drove up to the motel I wondered what it would be like to have Steven and Mark make passionate and lustful love to me. I started to fantasise that something like that would happen over the next three days, not necessarily with Steven and Mark separately, but with the three of us together at one time. I took stock of myself and told myself I shouldn't be thinking such wicked and lustful thoughts, but I couldn't help it. I was getting horny just thinking about it and I decided that I would do my best to try and make my fantasy come true. I was pretty sure the guys would fall in with any out-of-the-ordinary plans I made, so I had to plan my strategy very carefully. We arrived at the motel about an hour before the course was due to start. We checked in and I was happy to discover that my room was smack in the middle of Steven's and Mark's. I have to admit that my mind started working overtime again as to what could happen over the next three days.

The course started at 10am and we worked right through to 10pm. It was very



forum

tiring and by the end of the second day, I suggested to the guys that instead of driving back home straight after the course on the Wednesday afternoon, we stay an extra night and drive home in the morning after we had all had a good night's rest. Steven and Mark both agreed as I hoped they would. After the course on the last day, the three of us went into town and had some dinner. We consumed about three bottles of wine and were slightly drunk, but not enough not to know what we were doing. It was a good thing we walked into town instead of having driven in, otherwise we really would have been in a mess. Walking back to the motel I put myself between Steven and Mark and hooked one arm into Steven's and the other into Mark's. When we arrived at my door I asked them if they would like to come in for a coffee. Since we had the facilities, we might as well use them, I told them logically, and again as I had hoped, they didn't refuse. They came in and sat on the couch while I — they assumed — went to put the kettle on. Of course I didn't, because I didn't want any interruptions. So far my plan was working well. I went back into the room they were in and sat on the bed. I took my sweater off to reveal my see-through chiffon shirt. I wasn't wearing a bra and I glanced to see if Steven and Mark were watching me. They were and I could see their

expressions of surprise, but also a hint of a smile on their faces. "Nice shirt," commented Steven. "What's under it is even nicer," said Mark. I asked them to come over to the bed and sit on either side of me. They did. I started to undo the buttons of my shirt and slowly took it off to reveal my breasts, the nipples already beginning to harden as they watched. I took Steven's hand and cupped it to my right breast and Mark followed suit. They started to caress my nipples and I pushed myself harder into their hands. Then Steven started to kiss my neck and worked his way down to my breast, where he took it into his mouth, circling and licking the nipple. Mark started to do the same thing and I was beginning to float up into seventh heaven. They were

giving me such pleasure that I wanted to give them just as much. I placed one hand on Steven's cock and the other hand on Mark's and found they were as hard as rocks. I stroked and pulled on their cocks until they were desperate to be let loose. I asked them both very sweetly to stop for a second and to get undressed while I finished undressing too. Within seconds the three of us were lying naked on the bed, picking up where we had left off without any of the passion having been lost. Steven started to kiss me, darting his tongue in and out of my mouth. I turned fully to him and with his hand he started to caress my clit, at first very slowly, then a little faster but not in a rough manner. It felt like a feather being flicked up and down — fantastic. Mark saw what pleasure this was bringing me and decided to get in on the act. He started to caress my arse. I couldn't believe what was happening to me. I had never felt the way I was feeling at that moment with both my clit and the opening of my arse being caressed. I started to thrust my pelvis back and forth towards Steven and I started to shake all over, the feeling driving me crazy.

Because I was in a position to make Steven feel good, I started to pull his dick and manhandle his balls. He started to moan and his kisses got a little rough. Mark slowly stopped what he was doing and moved off the bed, paving the way for

forum

Steven to bring this episode to its natural conclusion. Steven rolled me over on to my back and entered me. I placed my hands on his arse and pulled him further inside me. Steven kissed me, caressed my breasts, sucked on my nipples while at the same time thrusting himself in and out of me. I was loving every second of it. I was in ecstasy. Each time he thrust himself inside me, I came up to greet him with my hips. It was like we were in tune with each other. We finally climaxed together, each of us panting for breath. It was wonderful.

I was still feeling very horny and wanted to continue without a break. I called Mark and he came over eagerly. Instead of starting off by kissing me, as Steven had, he went straight for my pussy. He took me a little by surprise but I loved it. He started to lick and nibble at my clit. My clit was feeling a little raw but because it was wet it didn't hurt. With my hands at the back of his head I pushed his face further into my pussy, lifting my pelvis up to him. He then started to caress my arse and again that crazy feeling went through me. I loved it. I closed my eyes and told Mark to keep doing what he was doing. He obliged. While Mark was occupying himself down under, Steven kneeled over me with my head between his legs. I opened my eyes

and I could see his cock erect, ready for me to take into my mouth. I did. I sucked and licked and ate it. I wanted more. I didn't want either of them to stop. Steven was moaning with sheer pleasure. This went on for a little while. Then Steven got up, not wanting Mark to miss out. Mark came up and replaced Steven on top of me and I started to lick and nibble Mark's cock, doing to him what I had done to Steven. He loved it too.

I asked them both to lie on the bed and I squeezed myself between them, sucking on Steven's dick while pulling on Mark's. I switched to sucking and licking on Mark's while pulling on Steven's. Then I got up and sat on Mark's face and he started to eat me out. He was squeezing and pinching my nipples, which drove me crazy. I shifted myself down on to his cock, ready to have him enter me. We rode together until we both came. Exhausted, I fell back on to the bed.

Steven approached the bed and sat beside me. He started to fondle me and said it was the best night he had ever spent. Mark echoed his words. We agreed to get together at least once a fortnight and make each other feel as fantastic as we had made each other feel that night. I was doubly pleased because my fantasy had been realised and it was going to be realised again and again. I can't wait for our next threesome. — *Name and address withheld*

Bad timing

I was 16 when I had my first girl. That's about 20 years ago now, but the memory is crystal clear. We were both at high school and she was also 16. Her name was Cathy and she was a beautiful, tall, slim young woman.

We had been going out together for about three months and had progressed to some pretty steamy petting. She would make me come with her hand and I was getting very adept at bringing her to orgasm with my fingers in her cunt.

One weekend we were around at her parents' place, watching television in their rumpus room. We were sitting on a beanbag sofa and paying little attention to the program. Cathy was wearing a loose shirt and tight jeans which hugged her firm arse in a provocative way. It was not long before her shirt was open and I was massaging her breasts and kissing her hardening nipples. My hand strayed down to her pussy and in no time her jeans were unzipped and I was exploring her soft pubic hair with my fingers. She was soaking wet and it was easy to insert one, then two, fingers into her cunt while stroking her clitoris with my thumb. I sucked hungrily at her breast which led in no time to her shuddering and stifling a cry with her hands as she climaxed.

I begged her to let me fuck her. It would have been our first time. She was reluctant at first, but the gentle kisses I continued to land on her breasts brought her around to the idea.

I wanted to do it backwards, so I manoeuvred Cathy into a position where she was crouched over the beanbag. I pulled her jeans and panties down to her knees, revealing shapely buttocks and firm thighs with her moist cunt clearly visible in between. Quickly I pushed my own jeans down — with some difficulty owing to the stiffness of my penis. I had never felt so hard before and my cock was literally shaking with anticipation. Luckily, hours of preparatory masturbation alone and with Cathy ensured that I did not immediately shoot my load.

I moved in behind Cathy, who was urging me to hurry, and stabbed at her cleft. It was a case of third time lucky: at first I lodged in the entrance to her anus, then my cock simply slithered up the crack of her arse. Finally I slid inside her until my stomach and thighs were pressed up against her backside and my balls were jostling for room between her thighs.

I pushed her shirt up so that I could see the smooth curve of her back leading up to her long, curly hair. I experimented with easing my cock in and out. The sensation was incredible, and I found myself taken by the rhythm.

In no time at all I was thrusting strongly

Continued on page 120

TRUE LUST

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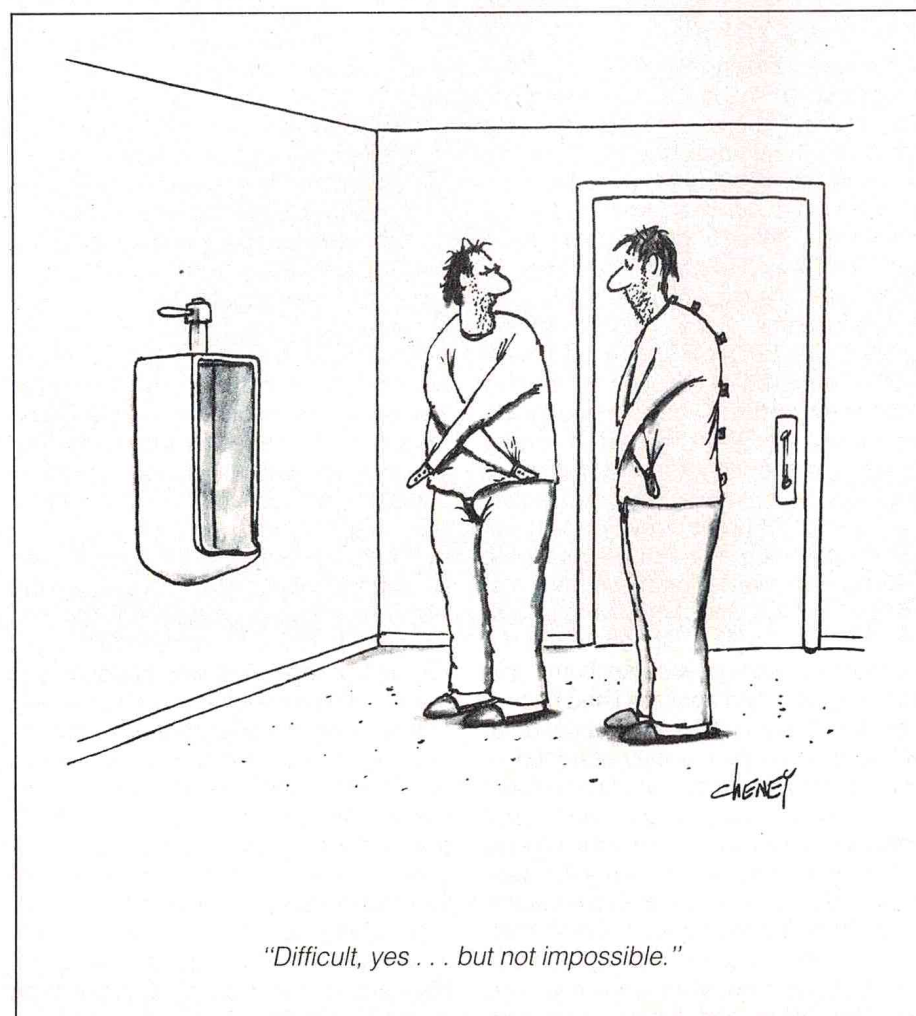
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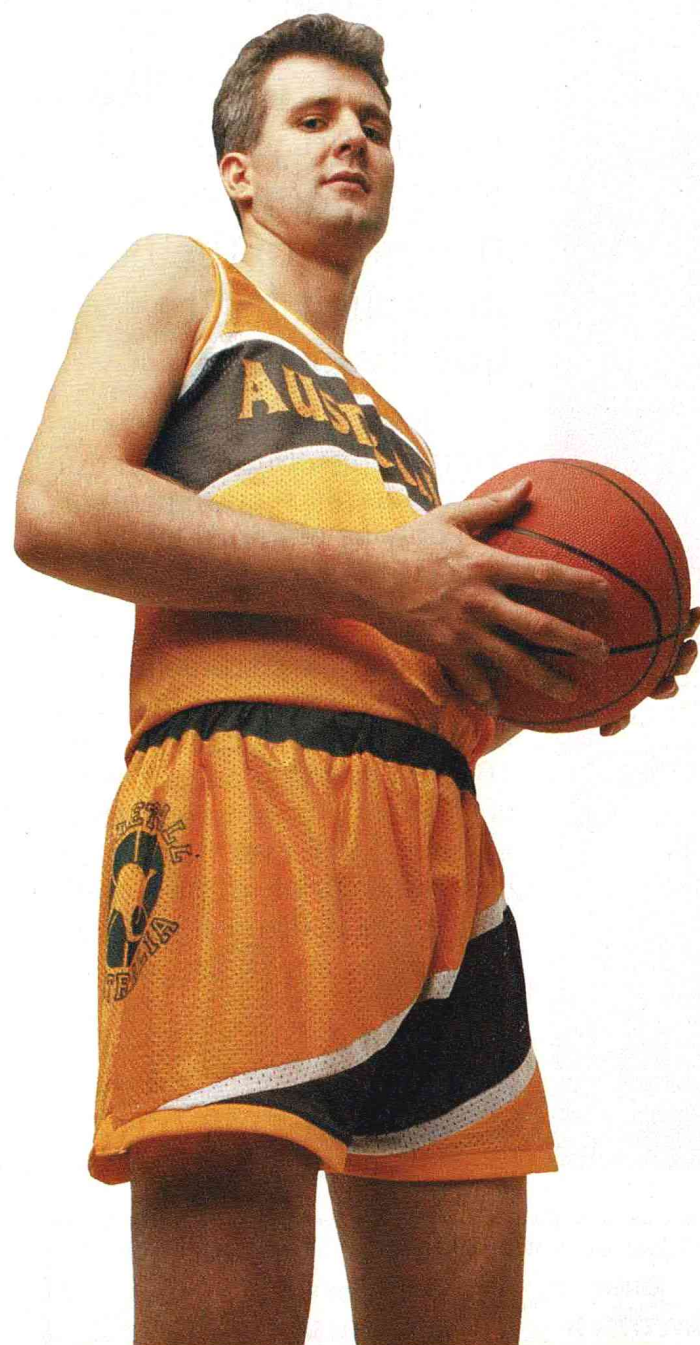
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Percy, Willy, Old Fella, Tool, Sausage, Sloop — whatever you call your penis, it's your best friend. But it can also be your worst enemy.

Society tends to assume that men were born with a complete, encyclopedic knowledge of sex. Men don't suffer from sexual hang-ups, right? They know all the right moves at the right moments and are never insecure about their bodies. They can serve up an instant, rock-hard dick on cue every time. Or so the myth goes.

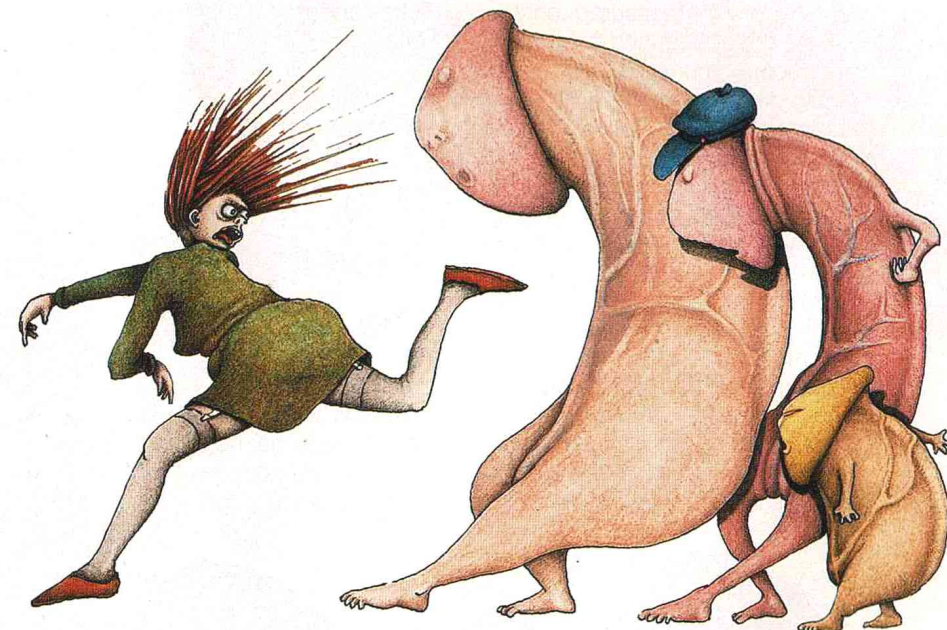
We all know better. But the real truth of the matter comes to light if you look at how many letters are received by magazines — both men's and women's. The letters show how many men have secret anxieties about their sexual selves; how many men feel unable to express themselves to their partners or a family doctor.

Sex therapists report an

**A big dick
may impress
the boys but
women don't
really care**

increasing number of men seeking help about problems that are preventing them from enjoying satisfying relationships. Most of these problems evaporate when the myths of men's sexuality are explained. But it's surprising to learn just how many men are still in the dark about sex. The sexual revolution happened over two decades ago and women have been freed from sexual inhibition for a long time. Women's magazines seem to dwell on nothing else.

Illustrations by Drahnos Zac



However, men have not been given access to the same kind of sex education that is available to women.

Small concerns can grow into enormous problems if they are not dealt with, but many men feel constrained about seeking answers. What are these common concerns?

- My penis is too small. How can I make it longer?
- My penis has a bend in it. Is this normal?
- One of my balls hangs lower than the other. Is there something wrong with me?
- I think I'm losing my sex drive, because my wife wants sex more than I do. Any suggestions?
- I have a big penis, but my partners don't seem all that impressed. What's wrong with them?
- I've been told that you can lower your sperm count if you masturbate too much. Is this true?
- I can't last longer than 30 minutes. What can I do to cure my premature ejaculation?

These are typical of the questions sent in to medical columns. Why did these men turn to magazines for help? The answer, according to medical experts, lies in the fact that although we might teach boys the basics of intercourse, we don't teach them much about the actual experience of sex. Mythical sex, as it appears in jokes, erotic literature and pornographic movies, is so entrenched in the male psyche that men can't tell fact from fiction. And the male ego is so dependent on the size of his dick and his sexual performance that he won't admit any failings or insecurities to anyone. At least, not anyone he knows.

Is mine as big as his? What men are up against is the "mythical penis" which only comes in three sizes — huge, gigantic and so large that you can't get it through the door. It is also hard as steel and can go all night.

Sure, there are a few men with outsized cocks, but they are statistically rare. Flaccid penises vary in size, but differences even

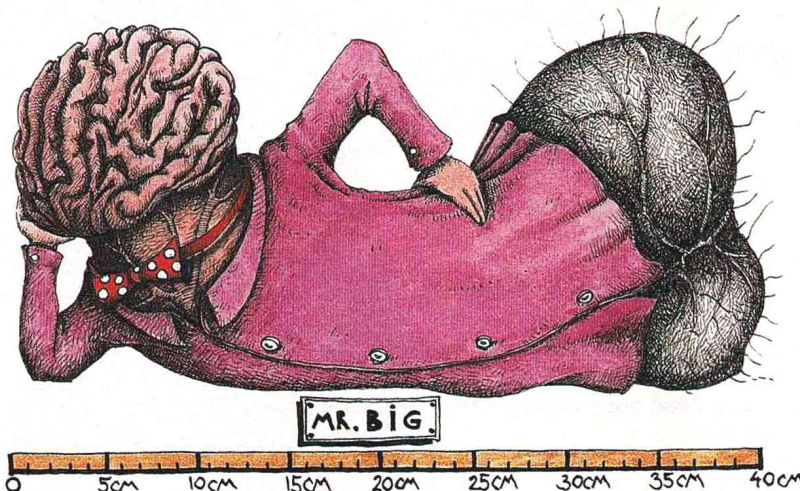
out substantially when the penis becomes erect. Studies in America have revealed that the average sized penis is about 13.5cm. One study carried out by prostitutes in Japan showed that out of 2,300 clients who were measured, only six were under 9cm and only six were 20cm or more.

A big dick may impress the boys, but most women don't care too much about the size of a cock. Women tend to say that they don't mind how a man's hung, as long as he knows how to use what he's got. The reason for this is that the outer third of the vagina is the most sensitive to touch; the inner two-thirds are relatively insensitive. Therefore length shouldn't make a difference. Further, the vagina is not a "hole" in the woman's body; in an unaroused state the walls of the vagina lie together. However, they

masturbation is a perfectly normal sexual activity that releases sexual tension; that it is a form of sexual training that allows them to discover what turns them on and how to handle themselves. They just hear jokes about hairy palms and going blind.

If the penis is ignored, it joins the party

It won't stay up: The irony of a man's life is that he spends years trying to keep his erection down, then years trying to keep it up. Most



are elastic and will fit snugly around whatever size is inserted.

It won't stay down: Adolescent boys often worry that they are turning into sex-crazed fiends because they seem to have a permanent erection and can think of nothing but sex. The truth is that their hormones are having such a strong influence on them that it would be impossible for them not to be obsessed with it. They are convinced that they're the last virgin on the block. Little do they know just how many virgins there are out there.

No-one tells adolescents that

men at some time or another fail to get, or sustain, an erection at a crucial moment. When it happens for the first time it can be amusing, embarrassing, or quite a shock, depending on the man's ego. Those men who shrug it off live to fuck another day. However, men who are embarrassed by it can develop a performance anxiety which will interfere with them having an erection in the future.

Most men know that too much booze can wreck an erection. But other causes of a soft dick can be a result of lifestyle, relationships and the way you feel about yourself.

Stress is a serious sex-killer. If your life is full of hassles relating to work, money or family, sex may be the last thing on your mind when you finally fall into bed at night. Obesity, smoking, marijuana, cocaine and other drugs and sedatives can also contribute to dick problems.

Basically, there's a strange aspect to the penis. If its importance is ignored, and you just get on and have some fun, it generally joins the party. Conversely, if you are too concerned about getting it up, then it will insist on staying comatose.

Coming, ready or not:

Premature ejaculation is a vague term that sex therapists don't agree on. Some say it means a man who can't last in the vagina for two minutes without ejaculating; others say that it's a man who can't last long enough to satisfy his partner. Most men believe that every other man can last half an hour — but there are few women who would want them to!

As long as both partners are satisfied, it doesn't matter when ejaculation takes place. The real question about premature ejaculation is, too fast for whom? There are specific techniques which help to prolong intercourse. And if your partner is not reaching orgasm, then perhaps she is not getting the right sort of stimulation. You can work on that together.

Free from bondage: We're in the Nineties now and we should be able to say the word "penis" without all the sniggers, nudges and winks that usually accompany it. Men have a right to know more about real sex without being made to feel that they are somehow inferior if they are not as knowledgeable as they believe their mates to be.

It's high time we debunked the myths that prevent men from fully realising their sexual potential. Every man is different, and what is right for one may not be right for another. Sex is not an Olympic event, there are no champions, gold medals for performance or records to be set. So let's get things out into the open, once and for all.

— Margaret Gore

The sexy new men's fragrance

BOXING PROFESSIONALS

White-collar workers are venturing into the ring

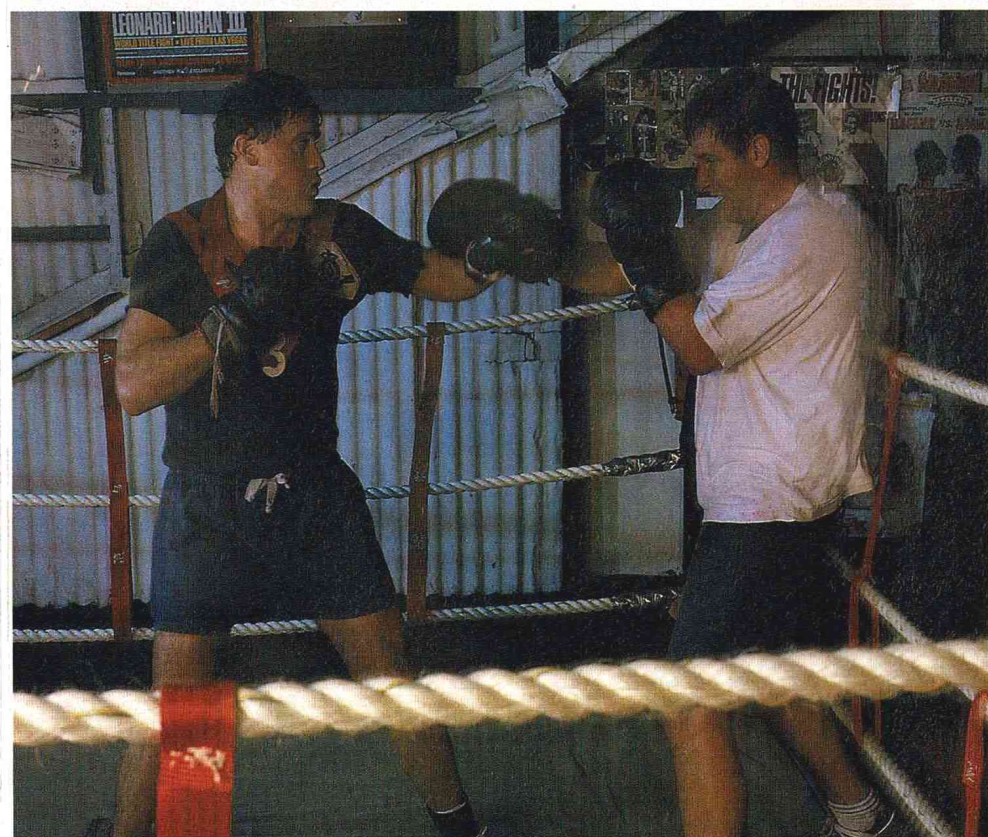
Let's face it: after you've survived a toe-to-toe bout with a well-trained boxer whose objective is to knock you unconscious in front of your friends, even the most high-pressure business presentation or the most arrogant client won't shake your confidence. And it's this confidence, as well as fitness and the learning of a skill, that is pulling white-collar men into the boxing gym.

These days, in the backstreet gyms among tattered, yellow fliers for forgotten title bouts and posters advertising fight nights in halls that

sign that warns, "Women kill the legs", are the white-collar boxers — merchant bankers working out during lunch hour.

Boyd, 25, is a bond trader at BZW. He has been coming to the gym for about six weeks and Bernie says he is "more of a natural puncher" than some of the others. Boyd trains for fitness, says "aerobics is for faggots" and puts everything he has into his 30-minute session.

Matthew, 21, works at Merrill Lynch Investment Bank. He does a boxing workout three times a week and plays football twice. "I come



have long since closed down, stock brokers, businessmen and lawyers are shaping up as the future of amateur boxing.

Bernie Hall's Boxing Gymnasium is a large, dark training space above the City Gym in Crown Street, Sydney. In one of the two training rings, Brax Burley, Australia's number three welterweight, whips the air with vicious left hooks. Nearby, pummelling heavy bags beneath a

back to work after training and my head is clearer," he claims. "I feel better."

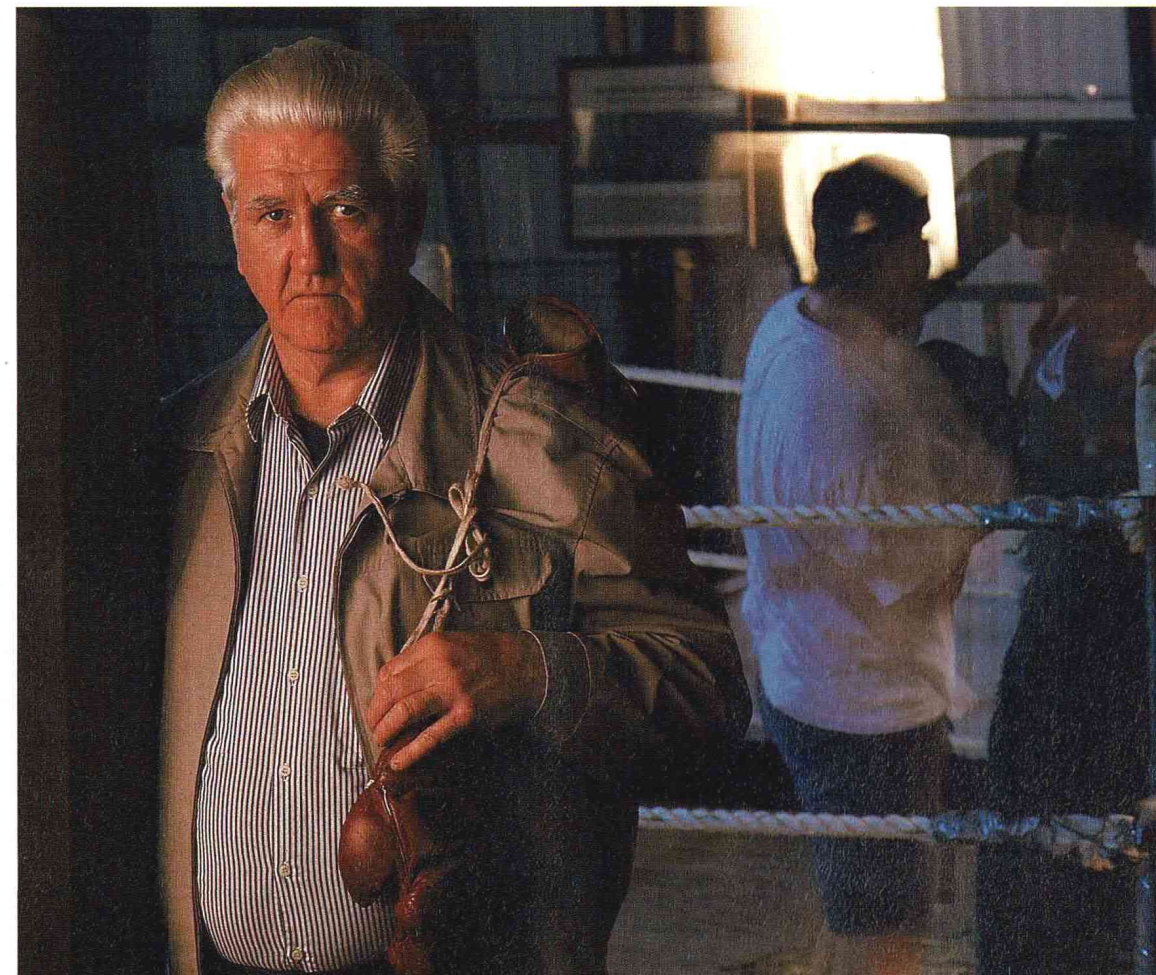
"You're on a natural high," agrees Boyd, "and it stops you going on the piss. I turn down lunch — steak and a bottle of red — to do this."

Bernie, who has trained Sharkey Raymond, George Barnes, Tony Madigan and "six or seven other Australian champions", punishes the office workers with unusual



exercises, such as cross-legged press-ups and "starjumps in squares." He works them without a break.

Seven bankers train at Bernie's gym, most of them from Merrill Lynch. Despite the tough talk, however, they are basically doing fast-track aerobics with gloves on. This is one of the series of mutations that boxing is going through in order to survive and prosper.



From left: Stockbrokers enjoy boxing, but they don't want the broken noses; fitness training on the skipping rope; Bernie Hall, who has trained the likes of Sharkey Raymond and Tony Madigan.

"Training amounts to fast-track aerobics with gloves on."

Boxing has always been seen as a combat sport for working-class boys, but the big money in the fitness market comes from the wallets of the middle classes. They are the people with the disposable incomes to spend on gym fees, and they are always on the lookout for more effective fitness programs.

Routines don't come much harder than the boxer's workout. Fighters need aerobic and anaerobic fitness, strength, speed

and co-ordination. Until recently, however, the price of training was a flat nose and a bruised ribcage — more than most white-collar workers are willing to pay.

Peter, 48, has his own import business. A trim, well-spoken man with thinning hair, he has been training for two years with Australian national amateur coach Charlie Smith. Peter started at Charlie's Paddington gym before Charlie had really opened up to white-collar boxers.

"I'd heard about white-collar boxing on a television show in Melbourne. I came along here thinking maybe it had filtered down. It hadn't. I had to go through the initiation thing, where they put me in the ring with this young bloke and, to use the vernacular, he belted the shit out of me."

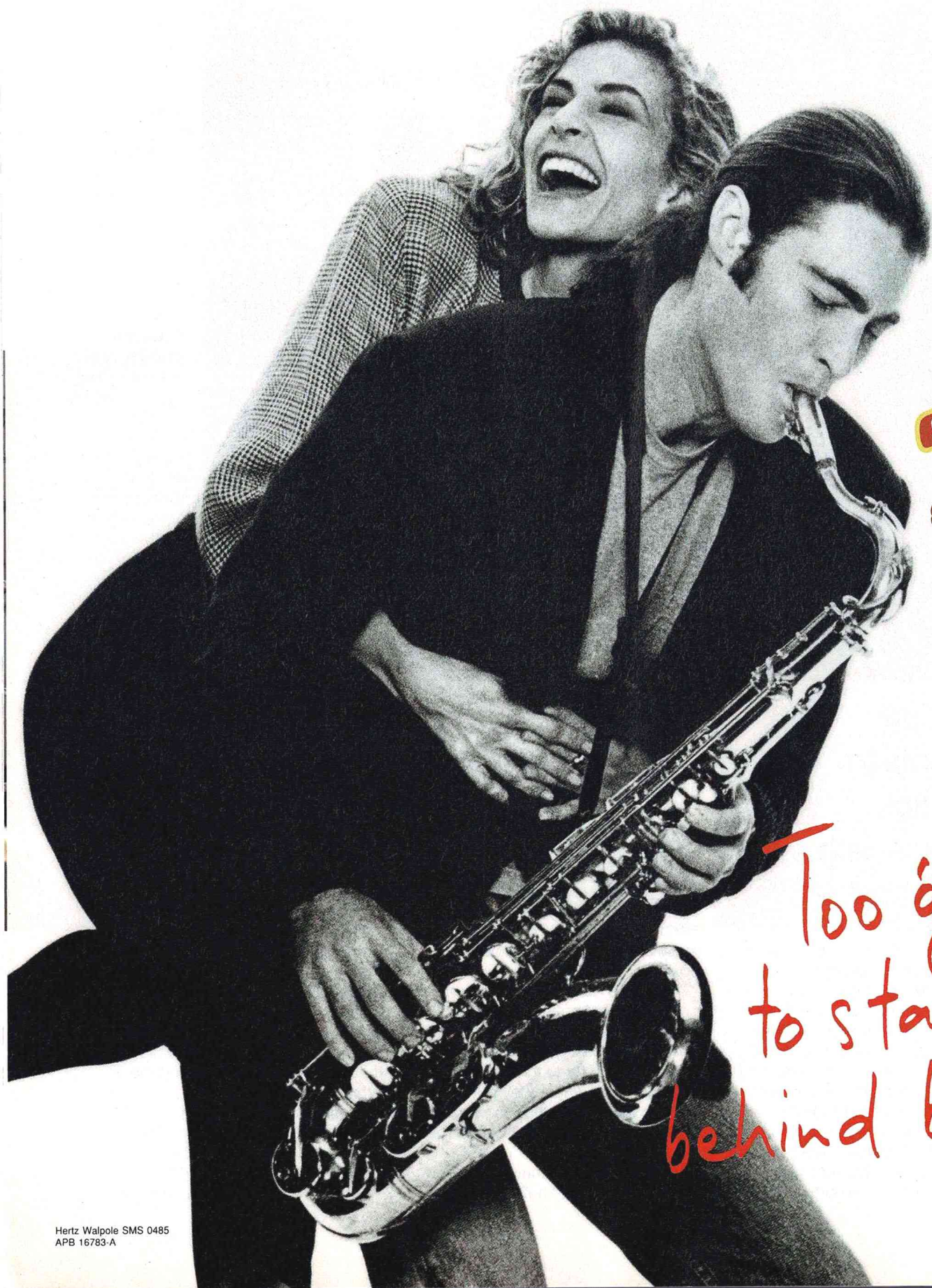
"There's been a renaissance since then though," he says. "In the

years I've been associated with trying to learn boxing, trainers have only been interested in boxers who want to turn professional. Only here could I find sympathy for a person who just wanted to learn the skill. Charlie is a teacher rather than just a coach."

Charlie Smith apparently altered his views after watching Cuban boxers in Thailand. In the Cuban style, touch contact scores points. Scoring is based on getting through the opponent's defence, rather than simply slugging at him. Their training is based on "muscle memory", the constant repetition of basic defensive movements until they become reflexive, laying the groundwork for the counterpunching that wins matches. It suits athletes who do not want to damage themselves.

Continued on page 85

Classic Smirnoff.



Too good
to stay
behind bars.

The Perfect Match

Wine to drink with fish and chips

The problem barely raised an "eh" from Stan and Con, the two fry-up merchants at the end of my street. They offer Fanta, lemonade and Tab, for those under the delusion that they are weight-watchers, with the "best fish and

chips a few years ago when I ordered Fish Livorno in a chic, new-wave Italian restaurant. The battered fish arrived with pan-fried potatoes; in other words, an Italian version of the British classic. The raw whiff of sulphur in Frascati



chips in the inner West." Yes, but what wine would the boys recommend with their culinary *piece de resistance*? "Nnn!!!" as they say in the comics.

I'm not being flippant. This is a real problem that no-one has had the guts to tackle until now. Let those who exist on tartlet of quail with char-grilled radicchio sneer, but well-made fish and chips are a classic.

My Dad always claimed that a strong cup of tea was the only drink to wash down the dynamic duo, but this view no longer holds water in the global village where Harry Ramsden's, the world's largest fish-and-chip shop, is listed on the London Stock Exchange and the Savoy Hotel offers one of the best plates of cod and chips with a stratospheric price to match. There's no need to get carried away, however — no plate of fish and chips is worth a wine that costs more than \$10.

Sailing offshore for a moment, I discovered that Frascati was an excellent soulmate for fish and

serves up a sharp "cut" of acidity which provides an elegant counterpoint to the fried softness beneath the crisp exteriors.

Although many Australian winemakers are veering away from the big, buttery-style chardonnays, there's still enough around. Bargain chardonnays are no longer a contradiction in terms and many of the big producers have wines with prices starting around the \$6 mark. Excellent choices are Queen Adelaide Chardonnay 1989, Renmano Chairman's Selection Chardonnay 1989 and Taylors 1989.

Sauvignon blanc, with its grassy, herbaceous cutting characteristics has long been hailed as a "fish wine." The style has long since overcome its "hit or miss" image, when even seasoned wine judges didn't know what to expect when they opened a bottle marked "fume" or "sauvignon blanc." These days even cheaper bottlings are universally drinkable. Under the \$10 bracket for fish and chips, select from Houghtons Sauvignon

Blanc, Normans Fume Blanc, De Bortoli Sauvignon Blanc 1989 and Peter Lehmann Sauvignon Blanc.

Many current semillons at the cheaper price levels show an austerity that is perfect to swig with fish and chips. My absolute vote goes to Houghton Wildflower Ridge 1988 Semillon. A pale, chablis-style wine with a Granny Smith fruit aroma and a touch of bottle-aged "honey" character, its tart flavor is a revelation for \$6.99 a bottle.

Other contenders in the semillon bracket with an abundance of fruit flavor and an ability, if you want, to improve with age are: Leasingham Domaine 1989, Saltram 1987, Morris 1988, Barossa Valley Estates 1989 and Krondorf Chablis 1989. For a splurge, go 80 cents beyond \$10 for a McWilliams Mount Pleasant Elizabeth 1983.

I'm always partisan when it comes to Brown Brothers and I'm fully justified with the Brown Brothers King Valley Rhine Riesling 1989 — a very full style with a citrus spin on the nose. The absolute value-for-money vote goes to McWilliams Inheritance Collection 1989 at \$5.50 a bottle.

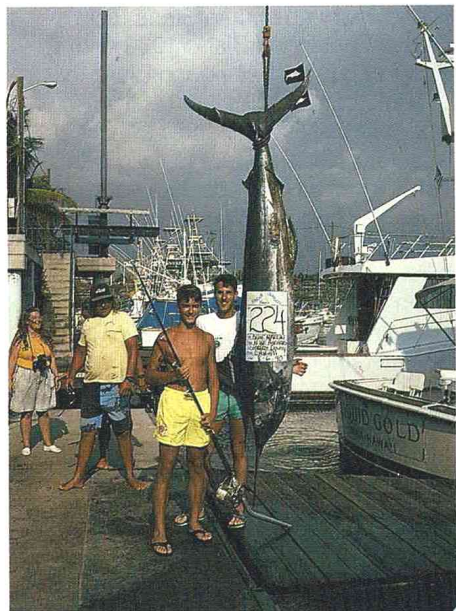
There are times, of course, when partners are unequal. Moments when you need a little color in your life, but want something familiar on

Bargain chardonnays are no longer a contradiction in terms

the scene as well. On those nights maybe \$20 or so isn't too much to outlay if the cook has got the fried offerings just so. Paul Jaboulet Aine Tavel Rose is one of those wines whose strong acidity is noticeably better with fish and chips than without. Need I say more? — Elisabeth King

UNDER THE VOLCANOES

Hawaii is, after all, a part of the US



A narrow strip of Pacific separates the volcanoes of Maui and Hawaii. Every afternoon it's driven white and lumpy by trade winds rushing between the peaks. Forty kilometres south, the trails of marlin boats linger on sparkling waters off Hawaii's Kona Coast.

Hawaii is the largest of the 132 islands and atolls in the Hawaiian Archipelago. Polynesians from the Marquesas Islands found the "Big Island" 1200 years ago. The Marquesans were probably attracted to Hawaii by the cinder cones of Mauna Loa and Kilauea exploding into the night sky. Modern visitors are attracted by images of palm trees over black beaches.

Kailua-Kona is a ten-kilometre strip of bursting bougainvillea, mango trees, hotels and shopping centres squeezed between a volcano and the deep blue sea. Nothing has been here for very long; the coconut palms came with the Marquesans, the North Americans brought the shirts and the island itself is one of Planet Earth's latest creations.

Hawaii is an enormous volcanic mass that begins 5500m below the beaches of Kailua-Kona and finishes at the craters of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, 4000m above. In recent times the volcanic activity

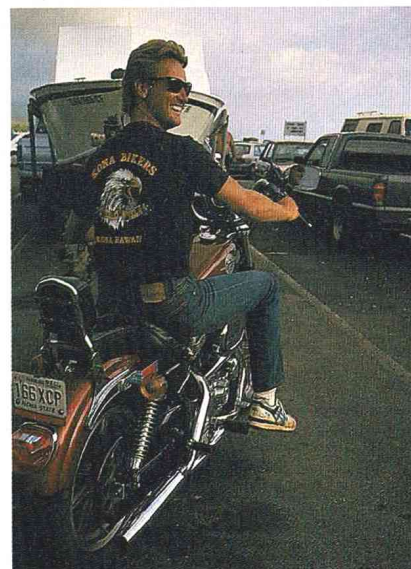


has happened at Kalapana, 120km from Kailua-Kona on the south-east coast. Since 1969, lava flows from Mauna Loa and the smaller but more active Kilauea have covered 19km of highway, destroyed dozens of homes and made the Big Island 80 hectares bigger.

Snow-capped volcanoes and fabulous fishing put the Big Island on North American travel itineraries in the Fifties. Captain James Cook put it on the Australian agenda when he stopped there 213 years ago. With leaking boats and mutinous crew, Cook moored at Kealahou Bay just south of Kailua-Kona in 1778. Kealahou offered a safe mooring, food and a village full of people who treated him as a god.

On February 4, 1789, Cook's ship set sail for Maui. But with Maui in sight, the *Resolution* was hammered by the trade winds and forced to return to Kealahou. Cook's second coming wasn't as great as his first. The Hawaiians were suspicious of the god who had broken down. When his men shot three of them, they fell upon the powder-headed captain, bludgeoning and stabbing him to death.

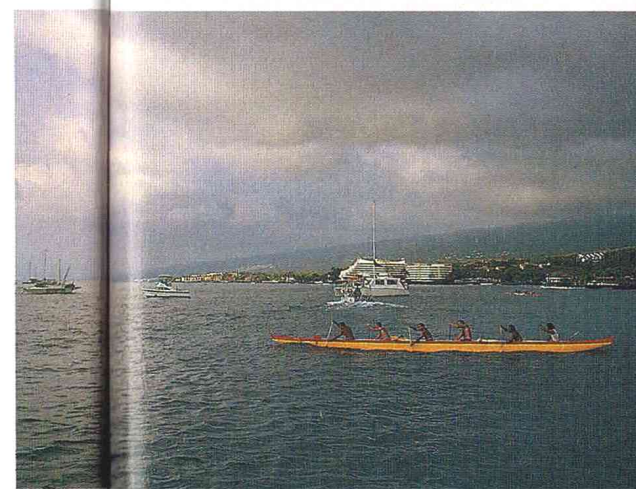
In less than a decade, Hawaii became an important mid-point for traders carrying furs from North



America to China. The enterprising King Kamehameha exchanged food, water and scented sandalwood for guns, boats and other trappings of Caucasian society.

"I know it was \$60 a night last year, but it's \$70 this year," said the muumuu-clad Hawaiian receptionist, explaining the concept of inflation to a German couple. The Kona Seaside is a Sixties-style hotel in the middle of town. It has several pools, and gardens stretching to Kailua Bay where swimmers stroke towards marlin boats anchored on the horizon.

Hawaiian waters are well-



endowed with sharks — hammerheads, makos, greys, black-tips and tigers — but there have been few reported attacks. The Hawaiians will tell you that they've made a deal with the sharks. One wonders whether their deal extends to the new Hawaiians, the white folk or *haoles*, who made Kailua-Kona the big-game fishing capital of the Pacific.

Sport fishing is big business in Hawaii, and anyone with a dollar to spend can have a go. For \$50, tourists spend the morning angling for sharks and other large fish circling a barge moored five

kilometres off the coast. Little is left to chance: buckets of berley keep the fish coming and the beers are icy cold.

For \$500, rich tourists spend the day on one of 90 marlin boats operating from Kailua-Kona. The waters that fed the Polynesians for 1200 years have sustained a major marlin fishery since Honolulu got an international airport in 1959.

At 4pm boats with blue marlin flags flapping from the rigging pull into the Kailua Municipal Pier. A beautiful blue fish lies dead and bleeding on the rear deck of a pleasure cruiser. A colorful crowd gathers as the animal is hoisted above the pier. The scales touch 225kg, the rod-clutching killer steps into the shot, the flash guns fire and the fish is sold for ten cents per half-kilo to a small brown man with a Nissan pick-up full of ice.

Up the wharf, Hawaiians fish for *palani*, large blue weed-feeders swimming in the waters around the pilings. Their ancestors used mother-of-pearl to lure giant yellowfin tuna. They called "Ahi!" as the yellowfin stripped line across the smoking gunnels of their outrigger canoes. Today "Ahi" is sashimi and most Hawaiians can't afford boats.

In the late afternoon, the sound of *Aloha Oe* drifts across the water from the Luau at the King Kamehameha Hotel. A troupe of scantily-clad Hawaiians dances for a garden full of guests under palm trees. Missionaries took the grass skirt and the *hula-hula* from Hawaiian culture in the 1820s. They gave Hawaiians Christianity and the muumuu, a floral-patterned neck-to-

Today the muumuu disguises America's middle-aged spread

knee number that removed the temptation of lithe Hawaiian bodies. Today the muumuu disguises America's middle-aged spread in the gardens of the King Kamehameha Hotel.

Kamehameha was 71 years old when he died in 1819. He was succeeded by his son, Kihilihi, the first of many shortlived monarchs who would lose their population through disease, their own lives through excess and their culture to the Americans and Europeans struggling for control of the islands. The last ruling monarch, Queen Liliuokalani, wrote the words to *Aloha Oe* while imprisoned in her palace in the early 1890s. The US Government annexed the Hawaiian Islands in 1898.

As night falls on Kailua-Kona, rapping Hawaiians drive throbbing V8 beat-boxes along the ocean boulevard. Most are Polynesian or Micronesian and many are Asian or Caucasian, but they all call themselves Hawaiian. As the *Love Boat* slips over the horizon and *Aloha Oe* fades under the sounds of the street, you realise that really, you're just in the 50th State of America. — Stephen Fynmore

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INVESTING CLOSE TO HOME

Buy shares where you can keep an eye on the company

As we grow older we become wiser and, therefore, more adept at identifying opportunities — especially missed ones.

Recently, I have become an expert at identifying the investment opportunities I missed. I needed to top up my share portfolio and was culling the list for attractive buys. Sigh. There they were: Bundaberg Sugar, finally taken out at a price we couldn't refuse; and then the others, like Kern Corp, which could have made me a fortune if I had bought them when I worked for them in 1978 but would have lost me a fortune had I still had them earlier this year. Knowing how I, like many other investors, fall in love with my stocks, chances are I would have still been holding. So, in hindsight, I'm not too concerned about losing the fortune I never had.

So there's point one: don't forget to sell. To which I'll add two cliches, old ones but good 'uns: no-one goes broke taking a profit, and, leave something for the next man.

But my main point is: live local, invest local.

You will never know more about any company than the company you work for: nor will you know more about any company than the one with its headquarters or main operations in your town. When I was in Bundaberg as a young reporter, the strength and profitability of Bundaberg Sugar Ltd stood out as large as the mill stacks that dominated the skyline; and when I worked (ingloriously) for the *Townsville Daily Bulletin*, the fact that Kern Corp (then Kern Bros.) was going places was also obvious.

Just as obviously, there were a couple of companies (in towns which decency forbids that I mention) which were not really getting anywhere at all. Yet there were big-city punters still buying those shares — to their eventual dismay. Me, on the ground outside the factory gate, could have told them to save their money.

So if you're lucky enough to live in a town with an industry, and that

industry has shares on the stock market and is doing well, and if — using your own judgement about the future and not what management tells the local newspaper to keep the townsfolk happy — the company should continue to do well, then invest in it. You're helping yourself and you're helping your town. Well done.

Just don't put your life savings in it. That's a double jeopardy. If the company goes bad, you lose your dough as well as your town.

And yes, the best of companies can be dragged into trouble by half-smart wheeler-dealers from the Big Smoke. So you've got to watch for them. There are many signs that top management is getting too clever. One is when you read of "a novel financing arrangement", which usually means they can't get the money on the square so they're using high-interest mortgages but hiding it — or they're about to loot the company.

Another sign is the appearance of known wheeler-dealers on the board: or management driving brand-new Jaguars while the

factory foreman can't get a budget allocation for new machinery.

Industries and companies, like the economy, go through cycles. There can be a time when the company just seems to bumble along, doing what it's always done

There are many signs that top management is getting too clever

but not really getting anywhere. That can work in some industries — but not many. There is too much change elsewhere in the world. Such companies are either headed for the gurgler or for dramatic change. The latter can be a new boss or new owners and can be good or bad.

Sometimes the new boss is just a putative wheeler-dealer. As a local, you'll soon find that out — but don't be fooled by local jealousies misinterpreting the new boss's new ways. You can also tell by the balance sheet. If profits are down in the first year and there's no good reason why (such as international markets or heavy capital expenditure) then the bloke's probably no good.

But a heavy capital expenditure program is usually a good sign: as long as it's real capital and not just executive fly-bridge cruisers.

Finally, don't forget information overload. Working for the company you invest in brings its own troubles — rumors and gossip being the main ones. Don't sell your shares just because Jones in stores says inventory is piling up and the new product is obviously a failure. Check it out. And don't believe all you hear, or panic every time you see a man in a shiny suit and yellow tie talking to the managing director — he might just be selling him life insurance. — *David Quicksilver*



Illustration by Robert Purnell



While attention focuses on CD, the humble cassette deck hasn't been neglected and Technics' \$900 RS-B965 is packed with technology to deliver pretty startling performance. It employs a three-head record/play system and has a quartz-regulated, direct-drive motor for more accurate control of transport speed. Dolby HX Pro headroom extension, Dolby or dbx noise reduction and some sophisticated signal-handling circuitry ensure a clean, crisp, distortion-free sound and good stereo imaging. If you thought tapes could never sound as good as CDs, Technics can show you otherwise. From Panasonic Australia.



The more, the merrier as far as the video camcorder market is concerned and Mitsubishi is the latest to join the fray, adding weight to the VHS-C effort. Top-of-the-line is the HS-CX7 which is a Super VHS-C machine with hi-fi stereo sound to compliment its high-resolution picture quality. Twin image stabilisers counter camera shake, which is important with an 8X zoom. The compact CX7 weighs in at just 590 grams and is equipped with a series of fully auto modes to cater for subjects such as portraits, parties, sunsets, skiing and golf. Clever, eh? From Mitsubishi Electric AWA.



Little boxes but a big sound is the promise of Bose's Acoustimass 5 Series II loudspeaker system and the tiny cube-like units certainly deliver plenty of punch. The trick has been to separate the low-frequency section and put it in a separate module which can be hidden away to give floor-shaking bass. What's left is a pair of dual-cube speakers which can be independently angled to give the best stereo effect and which are small enough to locate anywhere. The system can handle up to 200 watts per channel and is available in either a black or white finish for \$1599.



Intelligent HQ is the latest development in video cassette recorder design and – roughly translated – it delivers much better picture quality for little additional cost. Akai has incorporated I-HQ into its latest range of VHS VCRs (priced from \$499 to \$899) and the results on-screen are improved picture sharpness, detail reproduction and color accuracy. In fact, I-HQ delivers an image quality only marginally inferior to Super VHS, but for a lot less money. Features of the top-of-the-range VS-F510 model shown here include hi-fi stereo sound, digital tracking, a four-head reproduction system and a jog control for frame-by-frame picture search.

All CD players aren't created equal and while you might be tempted by the \$199 special, it won't sound as good as a pricier unit. If you're really fussy, then consider TEAC's new Esoteric system which actually comprises two components because the disc transport and the signal processing circuitry have been separated. This configuration is designed to give unparalleled performance via the use of carefully matched electronic devices and high-grade materials. How about gold-plated circuit boards? For interested enthusiasts, signal processing is via four 18-bit digital-to-analog converters with a 45-bit 8X oversampling digital filter. The prices... wait for it... are \$6995 for the P-2 transport and \$4695 for the processor. TEAC Australia will be delighted to hear from you.



If you've always wanted to own a Leica camera, but couldn't justify the four-figure price tag, there's good news in the shape of the new C2-Zoom. It's a fully automatic compact (so you don't have to be an expert), equipped with a very high quality 40-90mm power zoom which focuses down to 75cm. Multi-beam autofocusing and automatic backlight compensation enable the C2-Zoom to deliver good results under conditions which would trip up less sophisticated models. A preflash function eliminates the dreaded red-eye and the Leica can also be remotely triggered. From Adeal Pty Ltd at \$800.



Alpine doesn't use the tag "ultimate" to describe its latest car sound system just for the fun of it. The 7618E tuner/cassette is lavishly equipped to deliver superb radio and tape performance and it can also control Alpine's 5959 CD "six pack" housed in a car boot or under a seat. Power for the system comes from the 3558 Class A (that means "very good") amplifier and Alpine also sticks an outboard digital signal processor into the system for good measure. Everything is digitally linked via fibre optics which means there's no interference from the car's electrics. Expect to pay around \$5200 for this little lot, but it's hard to buy better performance for the price.



You've heard of racecam, bikecam and even fishcam (yup, a mini video camera on the end of a line) – now meet Canon's "baby" cam. It's a truly tiny 8mm format video camcorder which weighs under 600g, but lacks nothing in features which include an 8X zoom, high-speed shutter and built-in titling. Canon has also equipped the UC10 (for ultra-compact) with the latest in video recording technology, so it delivers the sort of picture which needed a TV crew a few years ago. A neat touch is a detachable main control panel which doubles as a remote controller. Canon's mini movie-maker is yours for \$1899.



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Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

WAKEFUL NIGHTMARE

How to get a good night's sleep

We all have the occasional one. Tossing and turning, counting sheep,

imagining how bad you're going to feel tomorrow if you can't sleep soon. Occasional nights of poor sleep are common and not necessarily a problem. You will usually find there is a plausible explanation, such as an upturn in stress, something big coming up the next day, or some pain or illness. Almost a third of adults have difficulty sleeping at any one time, and up to a fifth have serious difficulty most of the time.

You won't die of poor sleep. Although there is some recent evidence that daytime drowsiness and the lack of concentration it causes may be a factor in many accidents, telling someone you have a sleeping problem won't usually get you the sympathy a broken leg does. But if you do have a sleeping problem you'll know just how disruptive it can be. Insomnia, a real sleeping problem, is more than just shortened sleep. It also involves daytime fatigue and can make you depressed, irritable and lethargic. It's these daytime effects that make insomnia a problem.

We don't really know why humans need sleep, but they do. Sleep is more than just not being

awake. It has five different levels that can be identified by differing brain wave patterns.

Levels one to four range from light down to very deep sleep. In level five your body is at its most relaxed but your brain acts as though it is awake. Under your closed eyelids, your eyes are moving as though you are looking at something, so this stage is also called REM (rapid eye movement) sleep. It is the lower levels that provide the essential refreshment of a good night's sleep.

I have explained this in some detail for a good reason. Sleeping drugs, the most common answer for sleeping problems, do put you to sleep but they knock out the lower levels, just the ones you need.

Sleeping drugs cause disturbed sleep, less REM sleep and often early waking. Many people wind up addicted to their sleeping drugs; then, if they try to stop taking them, they have bad withdrawal symptoms including a rebound of REM sleep with disturbing dreams and nightmares.

Sometimes sleep is disturbed by medical problems, such as arthritis, angina, asthma, muscle spasms or any other uncomfortable illness or injury. Another major problem is sleep

apnoea, a condition where the sufferer stops breathing, then jerks awake before suffocating. It is often associated with snoring, and both are associated with being overweight and drinking too much alcohol. Naturally, if you think your disturbed sleep reflects a medical problem, or if you aren't sure, you should be seeing your doctor. Other common biological factors worth checking are too much rich or spicy food, too much alcohol and too much caffeine.

Stress is the most common psychological cause of insomnia. Going to bed all hyped up, lying there reviewing the day's problems and imagining tomorrow's, it's not surprising you would have difficulty nodding off. If poor sleep then interferes with your ability to cope the next day, up goes your stress, and before you know it, you're hooked into a vicious cycle. If your sleeping difficulty is obviously the end

"Sleeping drugs cause disturbed sleep, less REM sleep and often early waking."

result of too much daytime stress, you are going to need to do some effective stress management to help you sleep.

Another common psychological cause of poor sleep is learning, not too much of it, but enough to give you the wrong ideas about sleep. You may suffer disturbed

sleep for a quite understandable reason, such as illness or temporary stress, which goes away. But in the meantime you have learned that bed is somewhere you go to toss and turn and worry about not sleeping. Just going to bed wakes you up.

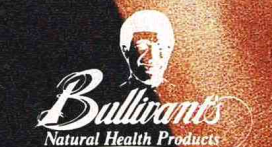
To help yourself sleep better, first see if there is anything I've already mentioned that you should be tackling. Then try some of the following tips. You should try a tip for at least two weeks, to find out whether it's helpful to you.

Learn to relax physically, from a tape or class. Have regular bedtimes, for both settling down and getting up, although don't go to bed if you aren't drowsy. Don't lie in bed worrying about not sleeping.

Try your relaxation skills, accompanied by a pleasant or relaxing fantasy. If you aren't asleep after half an hour, get up and go to a different room. Do something relaxing and go back to bed when you're drowsy. Cut back on drugs of all kinds, including alcohol, smoking, chocolate, coffee, tea and caffeinated drinks (most colas).

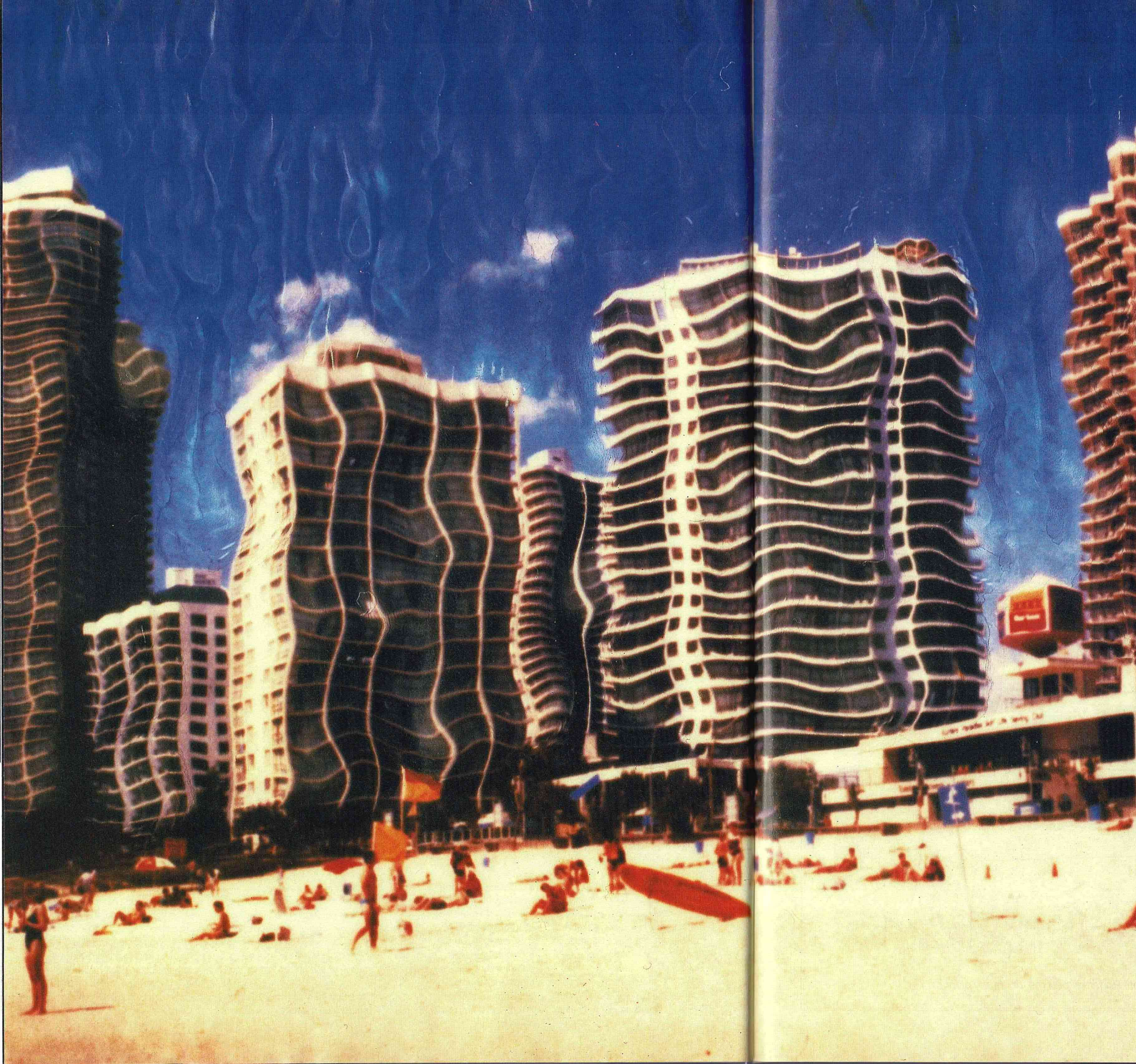
Keep fit, with regular, moderate exercise. Don't eat too much before bed. Reserve your bed for sleep — or sex, if that leaves you relaxed. Don't use it for reading horror books, watching late-night thrillers, or problem-solving sessions. If an important worry or idea occurs to you, jot it down in your bedside notebook for attention tomorrow. Make yourself comfortable by changing your bed, the lights, or adding music. Don't sleep in and don't nap or you will use up your sleep need at the wrong time.

Sleeping problems can be difficult to treat in a clinic. Have a good try at some self-help but, if that's not working, see a clinical psychologist or other professional helper.



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BY MARK ABERNETHY

ARTOGRAPHY BY BERNARD ROSA

Gangs of bag snatchers roam the streets. Burly muggers lurk in the shadows. Pickpockets and common thieves patrol the nightclubs looking for a target. Drunk thugs stalk the back alleys in search of victims. Professional beach-thieves wait for swimmers to enter the water before pouncing on valuables left under the towel, while Spiderman burglars work their way down high-rise apartment buildings.

This could be a description of many of the world's major cities. It could describe any of the Australian state capitals. But this is not Sydney or Melbourne or Brisbane. This is a snapshot of life on Queensland's Gold Coast — a 40km stretch of beaches once known as Australia's Tourism

CRIME WAVE

Street crime against tourists is a Gold Coast growth industry

CRIME

Capital, but recently re-named Queensland's Street Crime Capital by the *Gold Coast Bulletin* newspaper. While jobs are on the decrease around Australia, criminals are on the rise, and many of them have made the Gold Coast their home.

Crimes involving violence and aggravated robbery have leapt alarmingly on the Gold Coast in the last two years. Although depressing, many locals and new "settlers" on the Coast might see street crime as the price to pay for living in an urban area of some 350,000 people. But it could be the Gold Coast's lifeblood — tourism — that is the real loser from the rising crime rate.

In a four-month period last year, crime against tourists had doubled on the same period in the previous year, with 50 incidents reported. The crimes included bag-snatching, muggings, pickpocketing, bashings and the highly organised "beach theft", where bathers have room keys and valuables and cash stolen from cars, bags, and from under towels while they enjoy a day at the beach. Crime against tourists has also included murder, with South African student Joanna Cohen found strangled in a Surfers Paradise apartment block basement in late December, 1990.

Although crime of any kind is of con-

cern to a community, crime against tourists in a tourist town is particularly disturbing because it can ruin that town's *raison d'être*.

In a place like the Gold Coast, poor tourism figures mean people out of work and less money in the economy as buses and planes arrive only half-filled. Hotel beds stay empty and all the ancillary service industries lack the traffic they need to turn a profit.

So when one of the cornerstones of that tourism industry — Japanese tourists — start complaining that they are sick of being the victims of the Surfers Paradise crime wave, it is time to sit up and take notice of what many Antipodeans see as a normal part of living in built-up areas.

And on the Gold Coast, the Japanese must be listened to. Last year, according to Japanese Tourist Association (Queensland) figures, just over half of the 500,000 Japanese that visited Australia also spent time and money on the Gold Coast. That's 50,000 more Japanese visiting the Gold Coast than the year before, and the numbers continue to grow. With the Japanese now making up 39 percent of all foreign visitors to Australia, they've become the biggest overseas tourist group Down Under. The previous biggest group was the Kiwis, who now languish in second place at 31 percent.

Cynics argue that there wasn't a crime problem on the Gold Coast until the Japa-

nese started complaining about the muggings, bag-snatchings, pickpockets and general harassment. But there are good reasons why civic, tourism and police leaders around Surfers Paradise have listened to the concerns of Japanese tourists. Not only do they comprise the largest overseas group of tourists to the Gold Coast (Australians from other states account for 85 percent of all Gold Coast visitors), they also spend the most money. While Australian interstate and New Zealand tourists can be expected to spend between \$70 and \$90 per day, the Japanese spend, on average, \$300.

The money they spend not only represents valuable foreign exchange earnings for Australia, it is also spent in a "secure" form. Japan is a cash economy. Cheques, plastic and other forms of living on credit are shunned. Tourism and hospitality operators on the Gold Coast have their goods and services either paid for in advance or settled in cash. If the Japanese have bitched about street crime in Australia's Tourism Capital, it's because they know they are valued customers.

And bitch they do. In the last 18 months, Japanese tourism lobbies have been petitioning state, federal and police authorities to provide more protection for their people. JTAQ spokesman Isamu Kudo points to the 53 reported street crimes against Japanese tourists in 1990 and the



"I didn't know you could whistle?"



"I used to be a staunch feminist — until Roger helped me locate my clitoris."

CRIME

41 so far this year as reason enough for tour operators to demand a safer climate for tourists.

The demands have resulted in some changes on the Gold Coast, especially around central Surfers Paradise. Police now have complaint forms written in Japanese.

One of the biggest gripes of Japanese tourists has been their inability to communicate with police after being bashed or robbed. Kudo says the new forms, to be filled in both English and Japanese, will allow better communication between the police and Japanese victims of crime.

An integral part of the better communications between police and Japanese was the appointment of a Japanese Liaison Police Officer in mid-1990, also the result of JTAQ lobbying. Constable Mark Craig, a Japanese-speaking former teacher, now works flat out acting as go-between in dealings and misunderstandings between Japanese and the Queensland police force. Helping, too, to break down the language barrier is a Japanese language school recently set up at Broadbeach Police Station and attended by 20 police officers from various parts of the Gold Coast.

Better police presence on the streets

has also been a bee in the bonnet of Japanese tour operators, and they seem to have got their way. Before the end of 1991, 90 new police officers should be assigned to the Gold Coast area. Acting Superintendent Mick Gallagher says 60 of those police officers would probably be stationed on the Gold Coast itself, but he denies the Japanese have dictated the re-deployment.

"The Japanese are certainly a large part of the tourism industry on the Coast, and as civil servants, it's part of our job to protect that industry," says Gallagher. "But they don't tell the police what to do. More police officers are needed in every single part of the world. We keep no figures on how many Japanese are victims of crime, but they are more identifiable to criminals because they look different, they're generally small in stature and they have a reputation for carrying large amounts of cash."

Other changes the Japanese tour operators have called for to keep their clients happy have included the \$30,000 police post at Cavill Mall. The post will be manned by one police officer, and will be equipped with video monitors and police radios.

The so-called proliferation of crime against Japanese tourists has been labelled an "invention by lobby groups and newspapers" by Gallagher and a "media beat-up" by the chief executive of the

Gold Coast Visitors and Convention Bureau, Judith Mastracci.

But the real problem for Japanese tourists, according to Constable Craig, is the Japanese perception of the Gold Coast versus its reality. He says that while it is accurate to say the Gold Coast is no more dangerous than Sydney, Los Angeles or New York, Japanese are told in their home country of how safe it is, only to be disappointed.

"It's an entirely different culture in Japan," says Craig, who lived in Tokyo for two years. "You can leave your bags on a railway platform for two hours and when you return they'll be there untouched."

He says Japanese live by the "honor system", where wrongdoings involving theft or dishonesty are punished by ostracism from the social group – a greater source of shame than having to face the judge.

"Japanese visitors are also offended and disgusted by the abusive drunks in Cavill Mall on a Saturday night. Where they come, from such behavior would never be tolerated. Drunken louts in Tokyo would be locked up immediately."

Craig has seen the problems Japanese tourists face from a first-hand perspective. Early in 1991 he witnessed a bag-snatching incident along The Esplanade – a three-kilometre road along the Surfers Paradise beachfront. A Japanese tourist in his forties was walking with his

girlfriend when a 19-year-old street thug leapt from the shadows and grabbed the man's satchel from under his arm. Seeing the robbery, the off-duty Craig chased the thief through the streets of Surfers until the young thug finally came to grief in an arcade where he ran through the display window of a shop. The satchel contained \$20,000 in jewellery and American dollars – not an unusual amount of money for a Japanese tourist to be carrying.

The Mayor of Gold Coast City, Alderman Lex Bell, is always quick to play down any story that could harm tourism on the Coast. But having been involved in two incidents of street crime himself, he admits there "may be a problem." While walking through Cavill Mall during the late evening 18 months ago, Bell saw a Japanese couple standing at the pedestrian crossing over The Esplanade, ready to cross into the Mall. A youth walked up behind the couple and grabbed a purse from under the man's arm. The Mayor, not well known for his athleticism, chased the fleeing youth for 200 metres before losing him in the huge Paradise Centre shopping mall that runs adjacent to Cavill Mall. The bag contained a "substantial" amount of money, but was never recovered.

Alderman Bell was himself the victim of an attempted mugging before helping the ripped-off Japanese couple. He says that while there is no evidence to suggest that Japanese tourists are more frequent victims of these crimes, they are an attractive target for thieves.

"The criminals know that Japanese carry large sums of money with them. They also know that if they're caught, the tourists will not be in the country long enough to give evidence against them, so they know they'll be acquitted. The Japanese may think, 'what's the point of going to the police?', and I don't know that I blame them."

Kazuomi Nakajima, a former chairman of the JTAQ, says the incidence of Japanese tourists falling victim to bag-snatchers, pickpockets and muggers is so common that it is easy to forget specific examples. One example he can remember was of a 45-year-old Japanese man taking a lone stroll on Surfer's Paradise beach at about 5pm in late 1990. A youth had stalked the tourist for half a kilometre. He then finally lunged at the bag the man was carrying before running off down the beach with his prize. But the youth had picked the wrong place to make the grab. A JAL Beachclub contingent chased the robber down and recovered the tourist's bag – it contained more than \$10,000 in Australian and American currency.

Nakajima says another popular place to rob Japanese tourists is, of all places, at the breakfast table. Many Japanese are part of guided tours where they all eat breakfast together at their hotel. Because

most of the breakfasts are buffets, the tourists must leave their seats to be served. Unlucky Japanese arrive back at their tables to find their bags and purses missing. Nakajima describes the incidence of this form of theft as "countless." Many tens of thousands of dollars can be stolen at one breakfast sitting.

Nakajima believes pickpocketing is an often unreported crime. Many Japanese go on shopping tours in massed groups only to find that their purses are no longer in their bags or that cash is missing. Not knowing whether their belongings were lost or stolen, many Japanese tourists would never report what was probably a theft at the hands of a pickpocket.

President of the Austral-World Chamber, Erica Miniemi, has played Mother Hen to ripped-off Japanese tourists more times than she cares to remember. The former television personality from Tokyo now runs a gem shop on the Gold Coast Highway in the tourist shopping precinct of Surfers Paradise. She says the worst example she has encountered of Japanese tourists being picked on was a couple in their early twenties who had travelled to the Gold Coast to be married. They stayed at a resort where they were married and where they intended to begin their honeymoon. During the wedding ceremony their money, jewellery and all their belongings were stolen from their Honeymoon Suite. Miniemi refuses to say

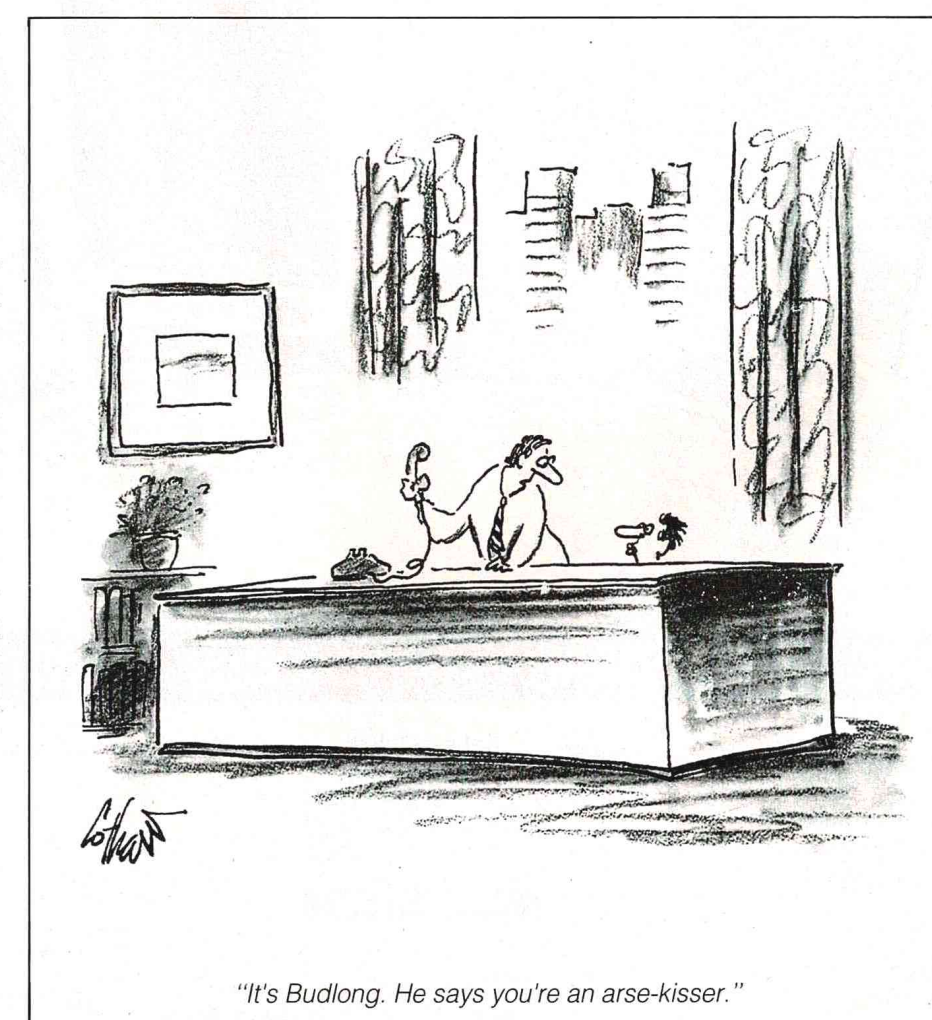
how much they lost in the heist, but admits: "They were a wealthy couple... it was still a lot of money, even for them."

"When I saw them looking through the window of my shop, the bride was crying – they couldn't even make a complaint to the police because they had no English. I made the complaint for them," she says.

One man who has seen the need for greater security among Japanese tourists is International Cabaret Security director Gary Eady. He started Gold Coast By Night Tours as a response to the upsurge of crime against tourists. The tours, increasingly popular with the Japanese, feature bodyguarded tours of the Surfer's nightlife in limousines. "We don't let them out of our sight," the burly former-bouncer says. "The professional thieves know who we are and leave our clients alone."

Eady says a recent attack on a Japanese girl in Surfers Paradise highlighted the vulnerability of tourists. The girl, in her early twenties, was returning alone to her apartment building in the early evening when she was accosted by three thugs. She had her bag containing all her money, passport and airline ticket taken from her before the robbers stripped her of her gold watch, expensive jewellery and apartment keys. The girl later stayed at Eady's partner's apartment because she felt she needed the security.

Continued on page 128



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POWER hungry

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

Eva Viconti is a big-city girl with a lot of ambition behind her. "I grew up the hard way," she says. "My Dad was out of work a lot. But he always told me I was a beauty, and that I should make the most of it. So that's exactly what I'm doing."



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Eva, 24, says she's looking beyond modelling to the rest of her life. "I want to be successful, to have power," she confides. "When I was a kid people used to look down on me – I suppose because we were poor. I want to turn the tables."





"Of course I like all the expensive things in life," Eva says. "I've always wanted them. I'm looking for a man who can keep me in real style - silk and diamonds. And I want a career for myself that will put me on top. There's no way I'll settle for less."







K A N T O R' S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Sophie Lee

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JORG STEINERT
BY ROBERT ROCHE

SWEAT AND BLOOD

Pamplona, July 7, 7.50am: The first rays of sunlight are just creeping over the rooftops of the old town. Despite the cold, a massive crowd is packed along the fenced lane that leads from the bull pens to the arena, occupying every available surface – rooftops, balconies, phone booths, drainpipes. In the street below, there is hectic pushing and shoving as the runners wait for the signal. They all wear white, with scarlet sashes around their waists. Some smoke nervously. Others jog on the spot, retie their shoelaces, cross themselves. Some are pale and tense, others flushed with alcohol.

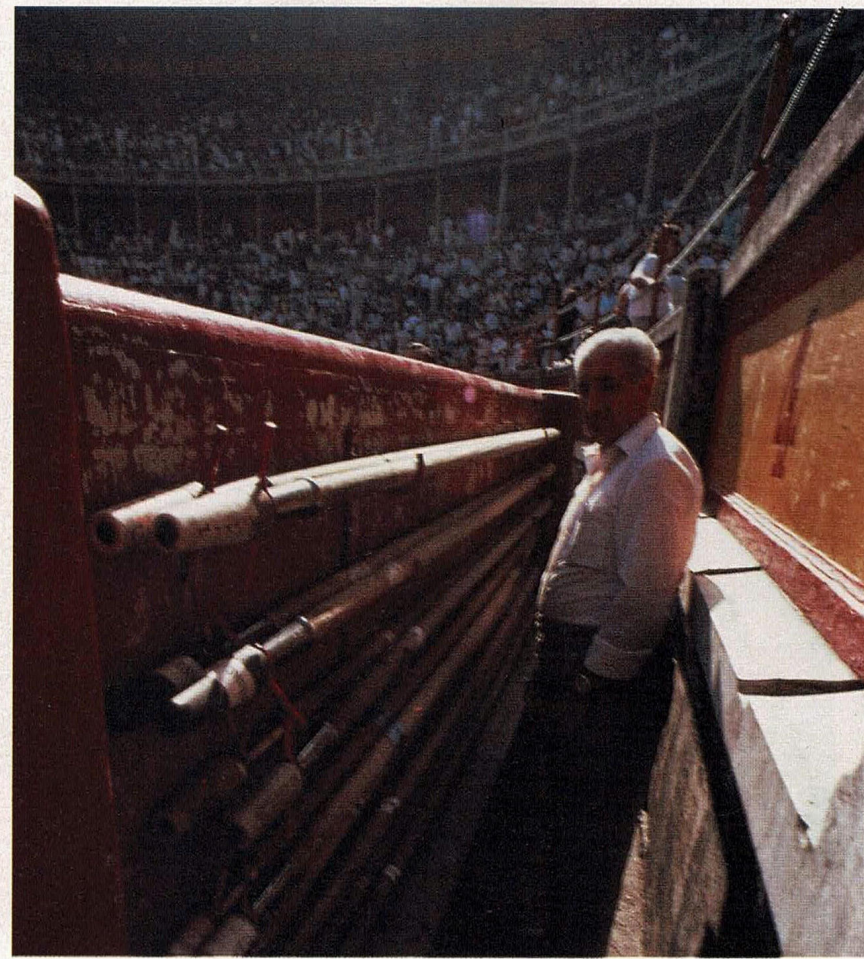
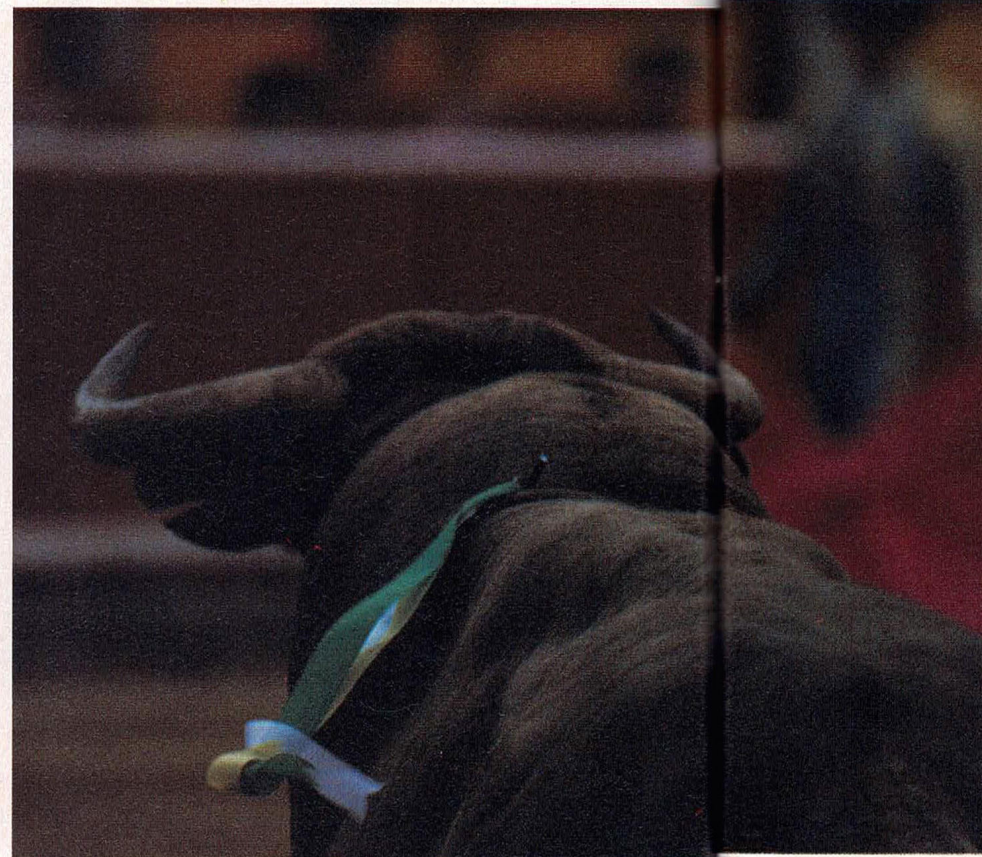
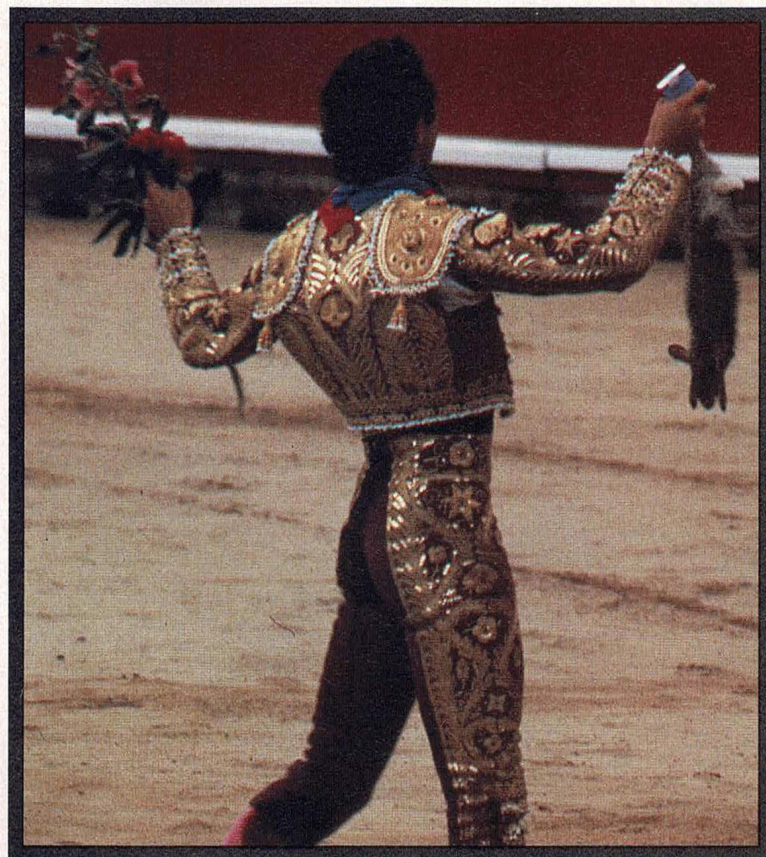
The men are ready for the *Encierro* – the race with death, when they run before the horns of the fighting bulls of Pamplona. It's the fastest and

The annual running of the bulls in Pamplona is an orgy of drunken machismo

shortest piece of theatre in the world. This run is like the Olympics – to be part of it is everything. But it's definitely not a sporting event. There's no gold, silver or bronze to be won. The reward is simply to survive. In a sprint of over 825 metres between corral and arena, running hard can make a difference between life and death, rather than just winning and losing a race. For the bulls, the run ends in death anyway. When the sun goes down again, they will be killed in the arena.

The men start singing, asking for the release of the bulls. A rocket goes off. Ten oxen explode out of the yards, followed by six of Pamplona's finest fighting bulls. Each represents at least half a tonne of pent-up energy on flying hooves. A fighting bull has about as much in common with your average farm bull as a Corvette with a Kombi. They are lightning fast, with terrifying strength and wicked, razor-sharp horns.





Clockwise from top left: The bull-run through the narrow streets of Pamplona; the run arrives in the Plaza de Toros; bullfighting lances stored behind the arena facade; the fearsomely powerful fighting bull has been selectively bred for generations; the matador is the hero of the crowd.

BLOOD

A second shot goes off and the herd begins to gallop. For the men in the street - here to test their courage before breakfast - the race is on. The real Rambos let the fleeing field overtake them and wait for the bulls. The idea is to run directly in front of, or even between, the bulls; close enough to touch them. When they can't run

any further, or it gets too dangerous, they throw themselves to the ground and lie still. The bulls run furiously between the protective planks, hurtling out of the laneway to shoot across the Plaza Consistorial and Town Hall Square. The square is only a few seconds away from the start and it's a chance to jump for the safety of the barriers before the going gets too hot. It's also a chance for others to jump down into the fray.

The wild procession swerves on, pressing the herd into the Calle de la Estafeta. It's a narrow lane and there's nowhere to hide. The bulls puff and snort at the runners' backs. For those still on their feet, it's an obstacle course of rough stones, fallen runners, slippery pavements - no place to lose your footing. With all hell breaking loose behind, the group of runners divides. The bulls are faster than the fleeing

men and are overtaking hundreds. But there are hundreds still ahead. If a bull should slip and lose contact with the herd, then the animal becomes very dangerous. Disoriented, it will instinctively attack anything that moves. But in this run, the bulls all stay on their hooves, which is dangerous enough as it is. In the next square a terrified youth jumps over the fence to escape. Others follow instinctively, only to

find that they got out too early, missing the seething push into the eye of the needle, the small entrance to the arena. The crowd is jammed tightly around the gate of the Plaza de Toros, stuck in the archway like a cork in a bottle. The herd is totally closed in. Some men fall. Others push over them, followed closely by the bulls, which trample indiscriminately over those on the ground. The crowd in the archway finally

bursts into the arena, freeing the way for the runners, who scatter helter-skelter across the sawdust. From the stands, spectators cheer wildly as Pamplona celebrates its heroes. A last rocket goes off. The bulls are locked in and the madness is over. Today no-one was killed. Fourteen were seriously injured. Although it all seems to be over in a flash, it doesn't matter. There's another run tomorrow. In total, the



Main picture: When the bull realises it's a fight to the death, the tournament becomes serious; Top to right: A matador is tossed on a powerful pair of horns. This time he wasn't gored, but the bullfighters can be badly injured or killed if they slip-up.



BLOOD

bulls are run eight times, on eight separate days. It's all part of the Fiesta Of San Fermin, which takes place every year from July 6 to 14. When the first *Encierro* gets going on the morning of July 7, the fiesta has already been on the boil for 18 hours. It begins with a procession, after which the town's mayor lets off a rocket to declare the festivi-

ties open. Bands of musicians roam the streets and people eat, drink and dance all night. Nobody gets much sleep. Once the *Encierro* is over, the runners join the all-night revellers for breakfast in the cafes and restaurants to recuperate and celebrate their victory. Even the injured are given a victory breakfast in hospital. It's a peculiarly Spanish tradition, and for a few minutes each year, all

Spain is united and holds its breath while Pamplona runs the bulls. San Fermin divides the year into two exact halves - before and after the fiesta. It also divides public opinion throughout Spain. For those who enjoy the fiesta - *los San Fermínes* it's heaven on Earth. Pamplona is a Mecca for bullfighters and their fans, and the fiesta is the most important event of the year - a drug fix for brotherhood and machismo. It's a man's festival: women aren't

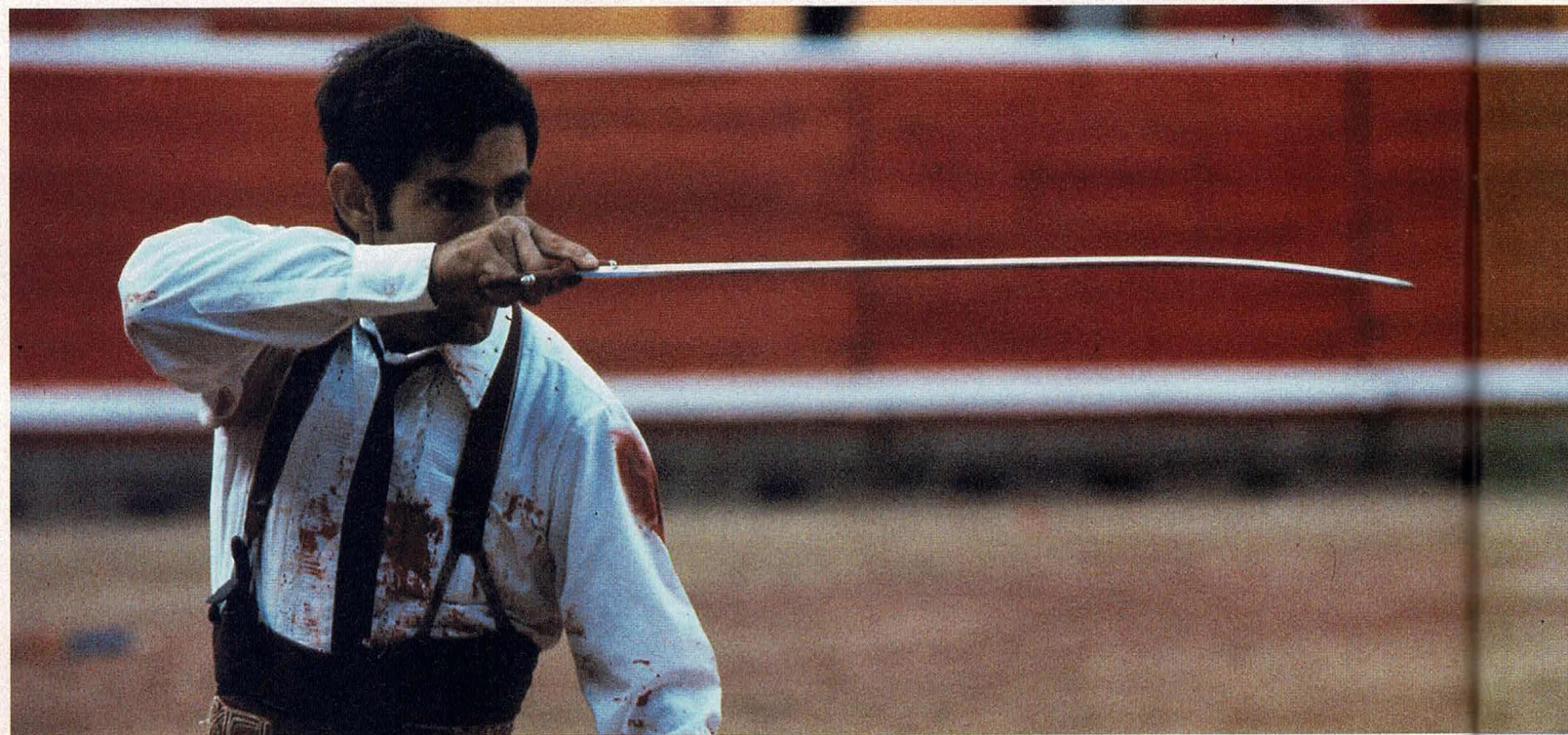
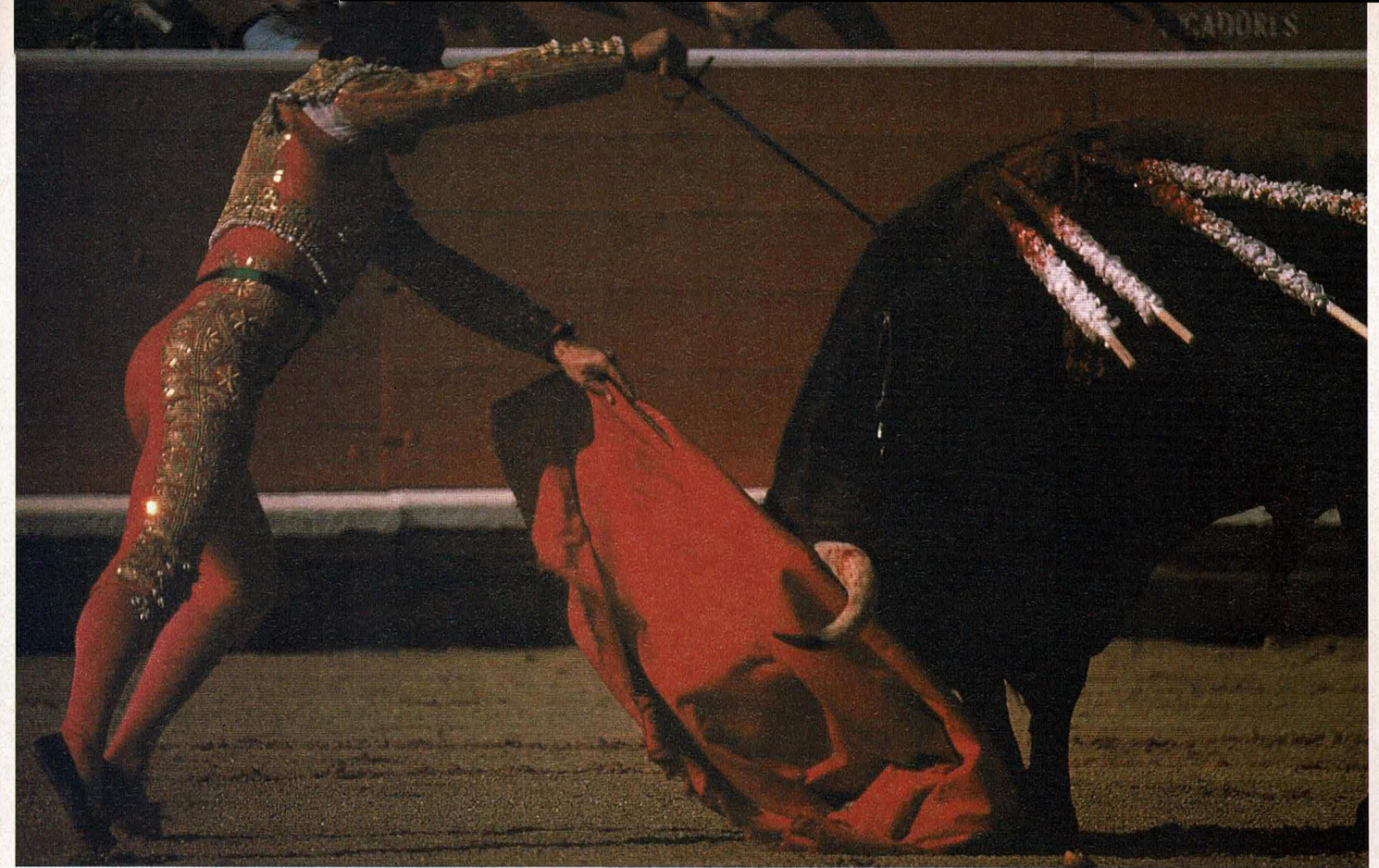
allowed to run with the bulls. They're not even allowed to sit in the first row. But women are curious and are becoming fed up. Some have threatened to run the *Encierro* disguised as men. For others the fiesta is an unenjoyable remnant of Spanish folklore. Animal lovers loathe the killing and condemn Pamplona as a retreat for insecure machismo, a fossil in the era of sexual equality. They don't mind *Carmen* on stage

and screen, but blood in the streets, no thanks. For the bulls, it's the end of the road. The *Encierro* is the second-last time they'll see men on two feet instead of on horseback. The last time will be in the arena during the *Corrida* - the fight to the death - later the same day. The bulls are pampered animals, prized and worshipped by the Spaniards. A fighting bull is raised on the best pastures for four to five

years. At night he is protected by youths on horseback who tease him to develop his temper. A bull is easily strong enough to throw both horse and rider; he's agile and very fast. The bull is the product of several hundred years of selection and refinement, the pride of his breeders. He grows to his full fighting weight of 500kg naturally, without growth hormones. Highly bred and highly strung, he is designed, from



Clockwise from right: In the early part of the fight, the bull is deluded into thinking the cape, not the matador, is the enemy; the bull must be tricked into lowering its head for the death stroke; a matador should never turn his back, even if the bull appears dead; both sword and dagger are used to kill the bull.



BLOOD

head to hoof, purely for fighting. He's born with a desire to attack that remains with him till his last gasp in the arena. When a bull enters the arena, he goes to his death. But the adherents of the *Corrida* see this as both a celebration of the bull and a noble sacrifice, something holy. The matador is the high priest. He's

the darling of the women, the hero of the men and the key player of the entire fiesta, responsible for entertaining 20,000 people. All the same, the matador faces the possibility that he might not get through. In a 20-minute duel the bull can easily turn the tables and kill or gore the matador first. In a 15-year professional career, it's something almost every matador has experienced to some degree. The matador's technique is cool

and professional, but professionalism isn't enough. He must perform, too. His deadly dance with the bull's razor-sharp horns, which slash past him with millimetres to spare, is expected by the crowd. The matador, as an artistic genius, is expected to show soul in his art, to thrill the crowd rather than simply kill the bull. There are about 200 unwritten rules and regulations governing the *Corrida*. There are 24 basic posi-

tions with several hundred possible variations, and the matador must know them all intuitively. The technique of bullfighting entails deluding the bull into thinking that the red cape is in fact his opponent. The matador leads the bull with the cloth, which is why the bull will go under his arm rather than attack him directly. It's this confusion on the part of the bull that allows the matador to turn his back to those horns. Eventually,

though, the bull becomes frustrated, and after about 20 minutes, he is able to distinguish between cape and body, and knows what to attack. And once he understands the truth of the game - that he's going to be killed - then it becomes deadly serious. Each evening at Pamplona during the Fiesta Of San Fermin the six bulls that are run in the morning are killed in the *Corrida*. Tonight, the first night, everything is as it

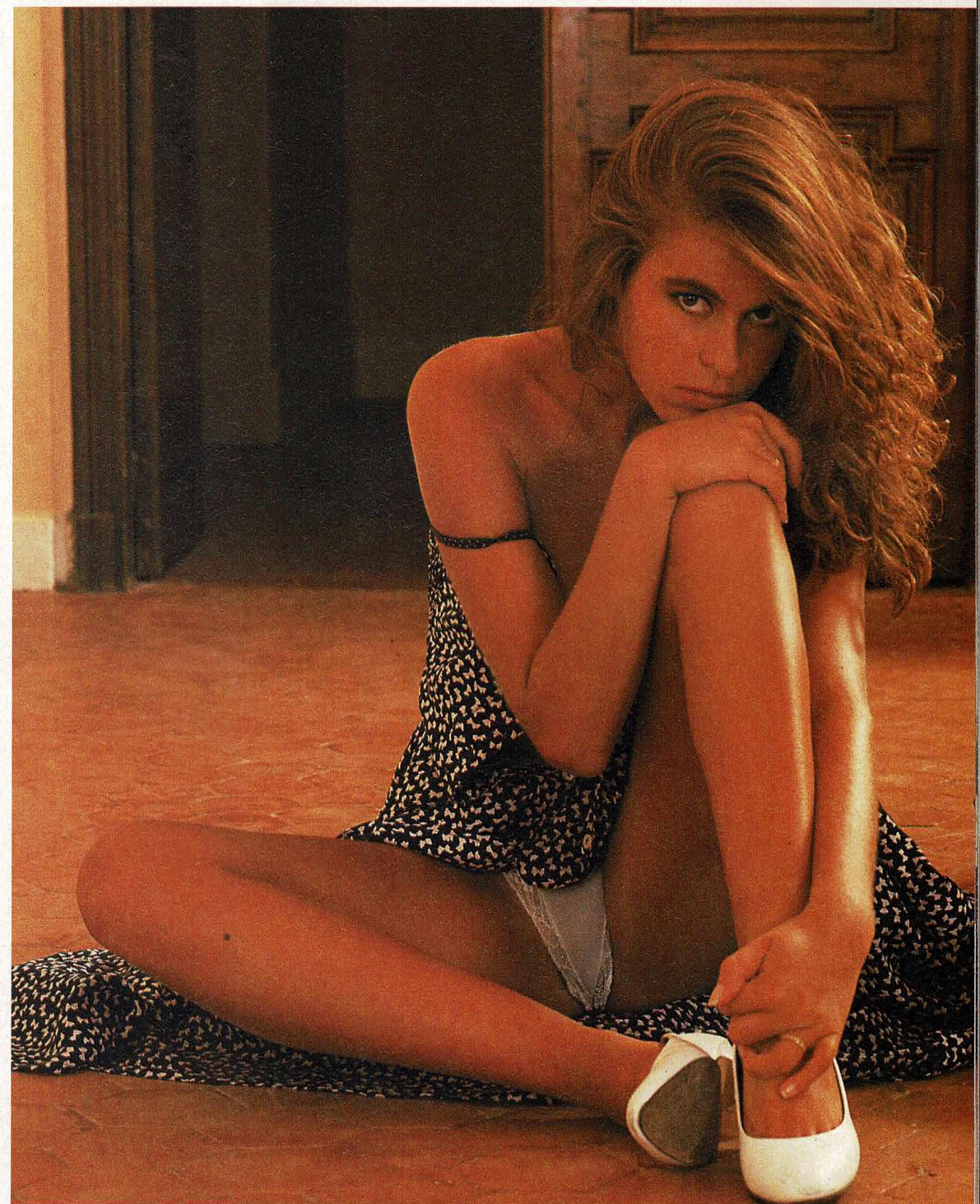
should be; the matador toys with his own life, and passes on to the spectators the feeling that his apparent immortality is theirs, too. But it's not always like that. "Never look away from the bull," says an old bullfighting rule. A bull, even though mortally wounded, is still a fighter and he's quite likely to give a final, fatal thrust of his horns. Many great matadors have been caught out this way - killed for relaxing too soon. ☪



puppy love

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DENYS DEFRADESCO

"I'm an unashamed romantic," says 19-year-old Arianne Dupont. "I believe in it all – meeting the right man, falling in love, living happily ever after. Some of my friends laugh at me and say I'm off with the pixies, but I don't care." Arianne works at the local vet surgery, helping with the animals. "I adore them, especially the dogs."







Arianne says she dreams of candle-light dinners, tropical islands, going to the snow. "I like men who own dogs. And you know, you can usually tell a lot about a guy from the sort of dog he owns," she laughs. "Labradors, a bit stuffy. Dobermans, aggressive. Corgis, no comment. German Shepherds – now you're talking."



PROFILE BY RICHARD SLEEMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO

HARD case

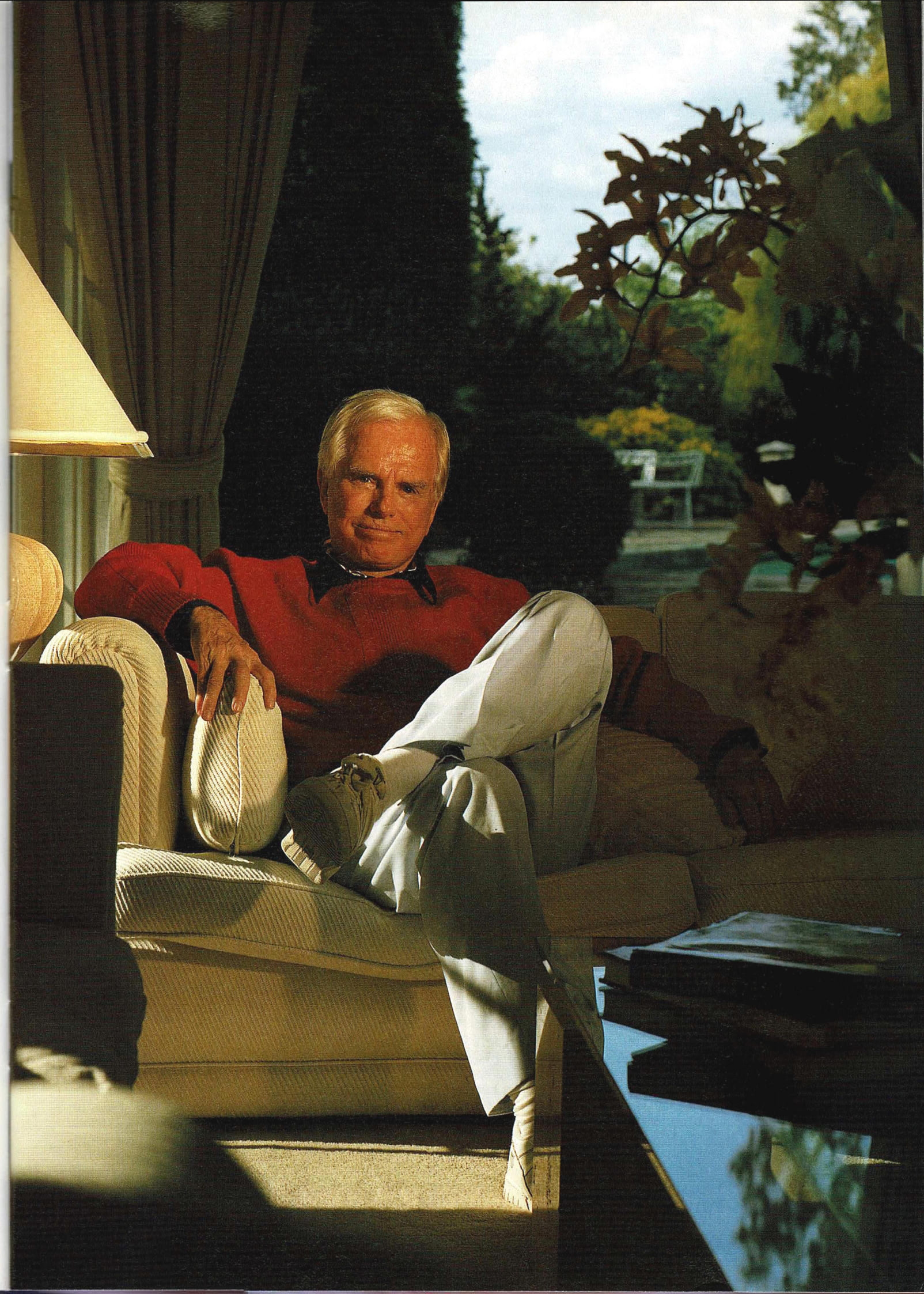
Will the real Ron Casey please stand up

If ever there was a puzzle wrapped in an enigma, it is Ronald Arthur Casey, the man with the best punch outside of Jeff Fenech, and the second most famous lisp outside of Ita Buttrose.

The confusion over the *real* Ron Casey is made even more so because Casey himself is so acutely aware of his dual personality — indeed, has traded on it and built fame and fortune because of it.

"I want to make it clear in this story," Casey says, "that I'm two people. There's the one the public sees and thinks it knows — the screaming redneck, the yobbo, the man who throws a public television debate into an international fiasco by belting Normie Rowe. Then there's gentle Ron — an easy-going, quiet, silver-haired 60-year-old. The one who hit Normie — you know, that's not the real me at all."

In many months of researching and writing Ron Casey's life story, *Confessions of a Larrikin*, the most striking thing was always the duality of the man. You never knew, as he raved and ranted about the Asianisation of this country, about Republicanism, homeless kids, or his life in sport, whether it was all genuine or purely for show.



case

And now, after the latest blow-up with Normie Rowe, here we are again in the same situation of trying to fathom whether Casey is crazy or crafty. Here he is lolling about in the comfort of an expensive and tasteful lounge in one room of an extremely expensive and very tasteful home in Sydney's leafy and exclusive Killara. Casey is replaying the Normie Rowe incident over and over again, though I'm not sure whether for his benefit or mine, on the video.

"It's terrible, isn't it?" Casey says. "I should never have done that. I should have had more self-control." It is pointed out to Casey that self-control has never been a strong point. "Yes I know," he says, "but I went over the top here."

Now here's the confusion again: while he is apparently confessing the sins of his part in the punch-up on the *Ray Martin Midday Show*, he has a gleeful look in his eyes. There is no doubt that Casey is damned proud of the round-arm blow that knocked former rock star Rowe off the TV stage. And of course he milked it for all the publicity it was worth in the aftermath.

Says Casey: "Some people suggested it was all a set-up for publicity purposes. Now *that's* crazy. You can't organise things like that. It was all spur-of-the-moment stuff. But why does it always happen to me? I mean, I'm just an easy-going, average Australian and all my life, these things bob up."

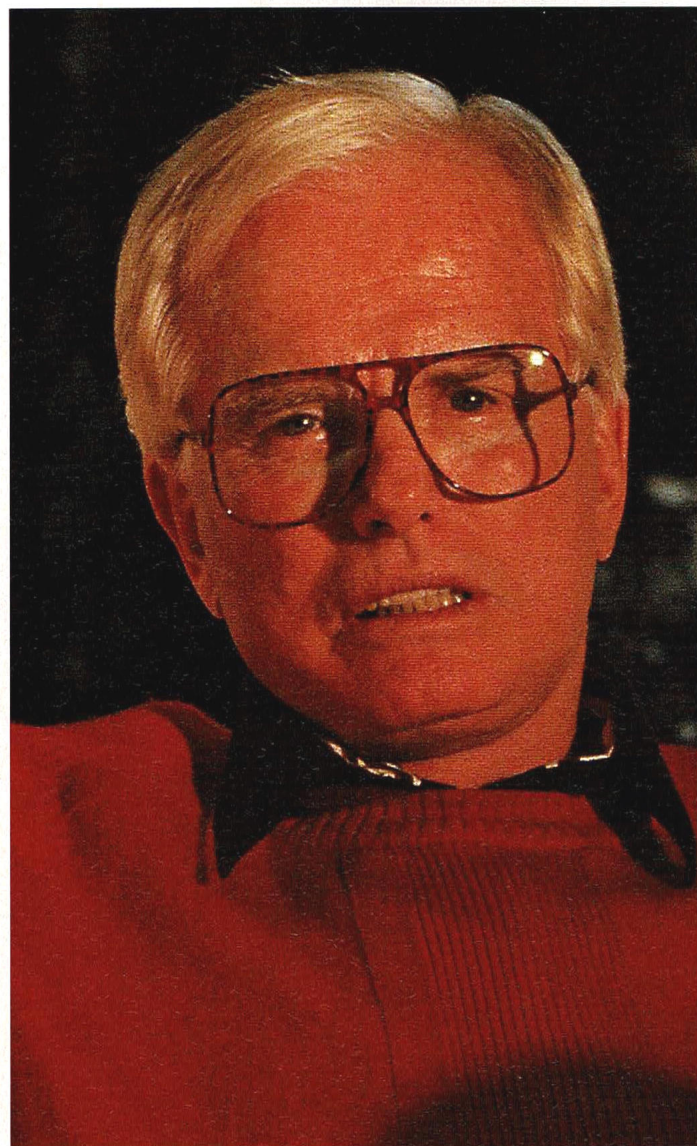
Incidents like that are the very core of Casey's rise to fame – some might say, to infamy. He's not everyone's cup of tea, sure, but the brew is a fascinating one, always spiced with the uncertainty of what's the genuine article and what's not.

The very setting of our latest interview sums it all up. I mean, Casey is a tasteless hoon, right? Wrong. His huge home is beautifully furnished and decorated, with art, ceramics and collectables suitably distributed through the many halls and rooms. The lawns are immaculate and there's a near full-length swimming pool and a lawn tennis court straight out of Queen's Club or Wimbledon.

And he treats his long-suffering wife, Renate, like a dog, right? I mean, he calls her "Attila The Hun" on radio, right? Well, yes he does, but no he doesn't. Casey is the very epitome of the dutiful, loving and caring husband.

And you'd think any man who throws punches and insults and smashes a glass on national TV would be an overbearing pig of a father, right? Wrong again. The real Casey worships the ground his children walk on.

False tales abound. We all know how Casey got the TV job as sports commentator on Channel Nine in the first place, don't we? He was married to Frank Packer's daughter, right? Everyone



"Some people suggested it was all a set-up for publicity purposes. Now *that's* crazy."

knows that. Sorry, wrong again. We just thought we knew. In fact, another Nine commentator, Mike Agostini, was married to Packer's god-daughter, but the story of Casey's fictional connection with Packer offspring has stuck with him.

So have many other stories about his background, though why anyone would need to make anything up is difficult to work out. His past is bizarre enough without needing fiction to enhance it. He was born in Lismore on the NSW north coast on July 5, 1929 to Nella Frances Casey, who hated his intrusion into an affair with a local accountant. She, too, had a terrible problem pronouncing her "rs" – much worse than Ron's turned out to be – and cursed his arrival with a name she could never pronounce.

She often fantasised about film stars, and wanted young Ron to be another Fred Astaire. So he would be packed off three or four times a week to Miss Flora Jack's tap-dancing school. During a performance of *The Toyshop* in which seven-year-old Ron played a tin soldier, all the other soldiers did one routine while Casey did it all completely wrong. And as would happen so often later in life, he claimed that he was right and everyone

else was wrong. In the middle of the performance he took on all the other tin soldiers with fists and tap shoes flailing. Miss Flora Jack, of course, was horrified.

His childhood is full of such tales. In a war-time flat in the Sydney suburb of Coogee, he was consigned to the veranda all day and night so that he wouldn't wander past the bedroom where his Mum and her accountant friend were in action. He could relieve himself only by peeing down the drainpipe in a corner. Only complaints from the downstairs neighbors forced Mrs Casey to do something – she gave young Ron three milk bottles to fill up instead.

Later, he would watch his mother slowly lose her mind. "I felt guilty," Casey says, "consigning her to Gladesville, but knew it wouldn't work if I brought her home. The images of the mental wards are still with me: the way the big iron gates would be closed and locked behind me after entering, the blank faces of the patients, and my mother, sometimes lucid, sometimes raving."

Casey saw his father only three or four times. "For a long time," he recalls, "the family kept details of my father's death from me. But he pretty much destroyed



case

himself with drink. He got into a fight in a pub and that led to his demise. But my father did pass on one characteristic, a salmon mentality of swimming upstream against the swarming tide of public opinion. I've learned he was a powerful and persuasive speaker against Billy Hughes' compulsory military service. Being of Irish stock, and knowing what the English had done to his people, there was no way he would give help to the British Empire. I suppose that's the basis of my stand on the Republicanism issue.

"When I recall the lives and deaths of my mother and father and try to assess the characteristics they gave me, I am left with a confused mass of fact and fiction. My mother died in her early fifties, my father only in his late forties. I figure they both died of a broken heart—she because the accountant dumped her, leading to emotional distress and drug dependency; and he because he could never cope with his wife leaving him for another man."

Falsely-won reputations and uncertainty about the real Ron Casey began very early. Casey delights in the tale of his first sexual encounter. "It was after the 1945 Australian surf lifesaving titles on the Gold Coast. I was a member of the

Maroubra club in Sydney, and the youngest in our team. The older blokes thought they'd make a man of me and we drove to Albert Street, Brisbane, to find a prostitute with whom I could lose my virginity. To this day I can still see her standing outside the tin fence, the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

"One of the older blokes went off to do the negotiations. I was shaking like a bloody leaf and staring at this vision in tights.

After the money was shoved down her front, she took me by the hand and led me into a small room with just a bed and wash basin. Of course, I was all done in two minutes flat! But she wouldn't let me go. She said I'd be a laughing stock if I walked out so quickly. So she shouted out, 'C'mon, you young raver', and other things. Eventually the prostitute said it would be right to go now, and that I would have the respect of my mates. Indeed she was right. I earned, falsely, a reputation as a lover. They called me 'the Albert Street kid'."

Casey was a capable, state-championship-level swimmer and later an excellent coach who tutored four into the 1964 Tokyo Olympics squad. But boxing was always his first love. From a small inheritance, he bought *Ring Digest* magazine for £500. It was the start of his life in the media.

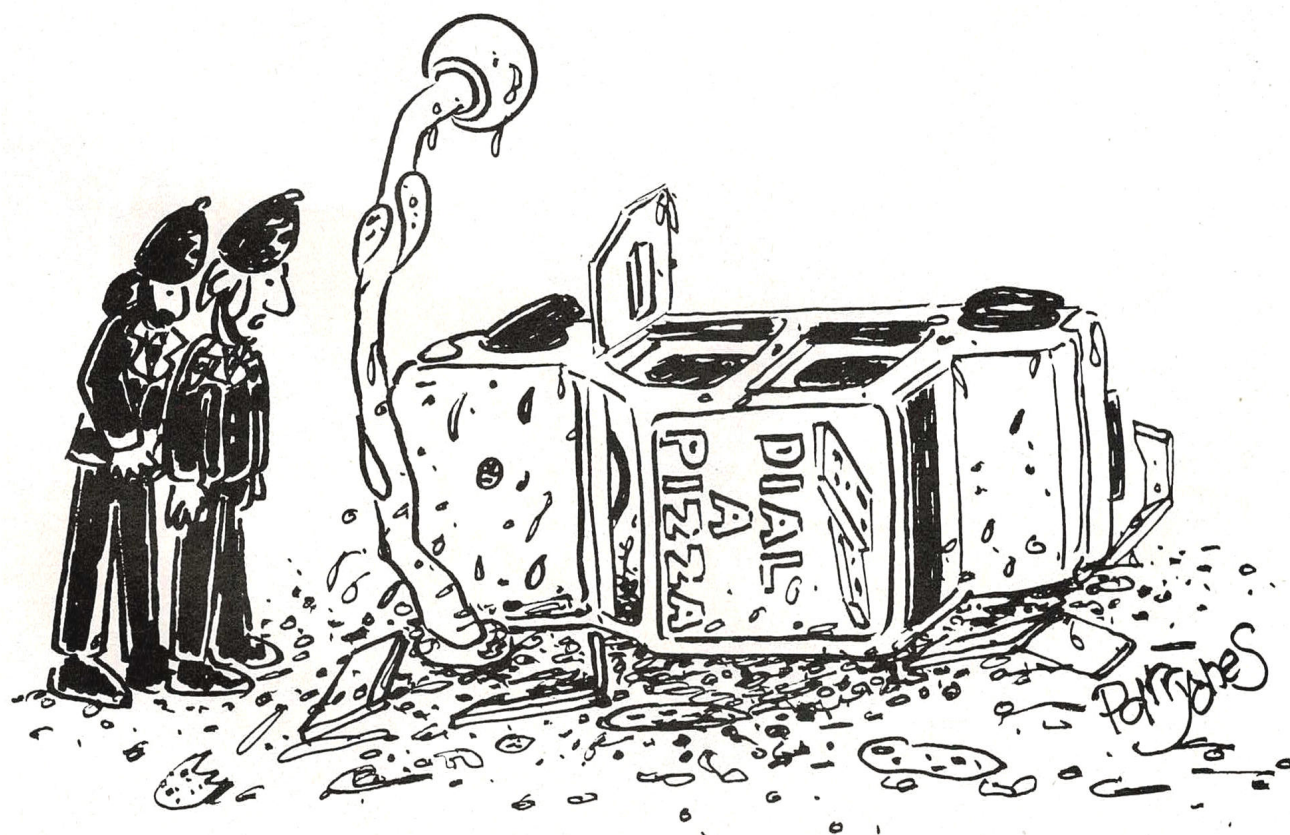
But he was always a better observer of

fight than a participant. Casey recalls the time he tried to perk up the life of a very plain girl in the newsroom of Channel Nine: "I would occasionally pat her on the bum and smile. I guess she took my innocent actions as some kind of serious amorous advance. She must have gone home and told her boyfriend. It was about an hour before news time. I had my head down, typing. In came this boyfriend, who was a man-mountain, and king-hit me on the jaw. I regained consciousness a few minutes before it was time to go on air."

If you thought Casey would never be caught short of a word, his first experience on radio was a disaster. "I was supposed to be interviewing this whopping big black wrestler," Casey says. "Maybe it was his size, or my stage fright, I don't know what. But I couldn't get a word out. I was struck dumb. I thought that might be the end of my radio career, there and then. Luckily they had me back next week and I was okay."

Talk-back radio might have been custom designed to suit Casey's firebrand verbal sparring. He recalls with relish his introduction to it: "I was driving home one evening in 1967, having done the sports news on Nine. I was listening to Garvin Rutherford on 2SM and he launched into a heated tirade about how unsafe Sydney's beaches were because of the

Continued on page 94



"He must be here somewhere."

alexandra



Shot on location at Club Tropical, Port Douglas, 008 (07) 9069. Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi. Purple silk robe, Chinese coin earrings, blue and brown batik scarf, hand-painted leather bracelets, wooden bracelets, Balinese patchwork blanket and crystal jewellery by Eastern Flair, Newtown, Sydney, (02) 565 1499; gold sling-back shoes and patterned blue shoes with gold trim by Raymond Castles, Centrepont, Sydney, (02) 232 6780; brown wooden sandals and turquoise gold and crystal earrings by Risk, Crown St, Sydney, (02) 331 4276; blue kimono, gold-link belt, grass skirt, bone necklaces, wood and feather armband by ABC Costume Hire, Sydney, (02) 950 4284; gold leaf earrings and necklace, gold armbands, blue and red beaded Tibetan pendant, silver and crystal amulet necklace from the Tropical Desires Boutique, Club Tropical, Port Douglas; green satin sheets by Satin Affairs, Casatex Australia (02) 317 3244. Special thanks to Michael Turner of Habitat Rainforest, and Peter Close for the use of his boat Willow.



under capricorn

Alexandra Mead is a relaxed 22-year-old who was born in Adelaide but now lives in Sydney. "I like to take it easy," she says, smiling. "I enjoy freedom and independence. I'm a Libra – a real air sign." To photograph her, *Penthouse* flew Alexandra to Port Douglas in exotic, tropical North Queensland.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BAMBI



Alexandra, who measures 36-24-36 and is 176cm tall, says she'd like to get into acting. "Actually, I'd like to live a life of luxury! I'd like to live on a farm but have a penthouse in the city. That would do me fine." In the meantime, modelling pays the bills. But she does admit to a taste for motorbikes, seafood, good wine and fast cars.





Alexandra has a mutt called Edward and wouldn't say whether or not she has a current man. "All the same," she says, "I can tell you what I like: tall, toned, tanned, adventurous, with green eyes. In fact," she leans in closer, "I have some great fantasies. Swimming naked in the moonlight. Or waking up in bed with all the extras."





Revenge was Davo's motive. The boxer and the martial artist were the first to feel his wrath.

Davo's Little

Davo didn't quite know what to expect but he wasn't unduly worried when he drove his utility into the city on Wednesday afternoon and parked it in a loading zone in Kent Street not far from the YMCA. He fronted an old bloke at the reception desk and after a brief conversation and giving him the five dollars, caught the lift to the third floor.

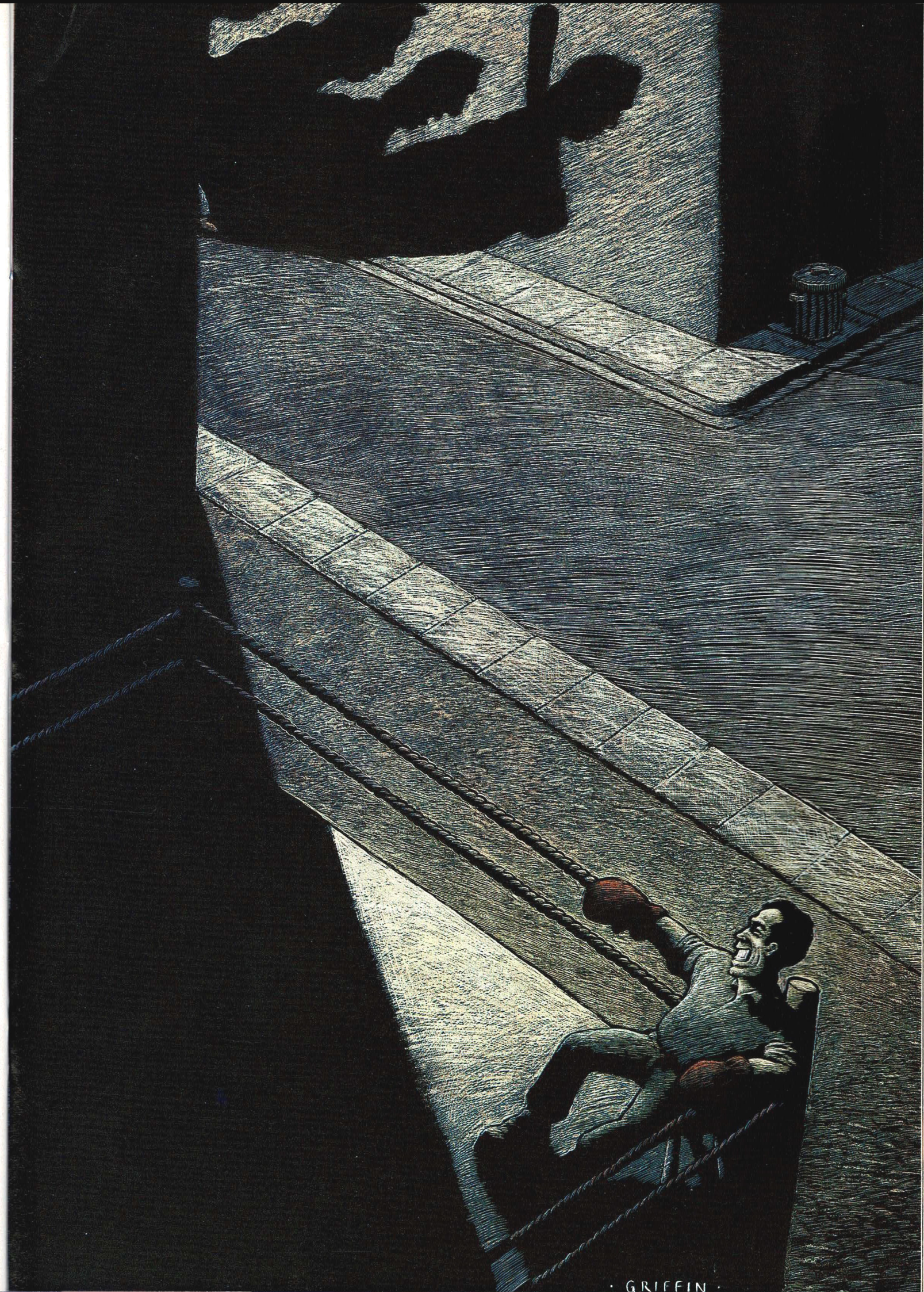
As far as boxing gymnasiums go, the one at the Y certainly wasn't Marvin Hagler's training camp at The Sands in Las Vegas. There were around half a dozen people there, mostly in their teens. A couple of them were skipping around, others were doing callisthenics on the floor, another was pummelling away at one of the bags under the eye of what looked to be the instructor, while another was trying to get a rhythm going on a speed-ball in one of the corners.

Although the place was quite roomy, it was still dingy and musty and under the

Something

FICTION BY ROBERT BARRETT
ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER GRIFFIN

Extracted from *Davo's Little Something* by
Robert G. Barrett, Pan, (\$10.95).



· GRIFFIN ·

Davo

flickering fluorescent lights showed obvious signs of having seen better days.

Davo stood outside the lift for a while, surveying the scene, then moved towards the fellow he thought was the instructor; a neat fair-haired guy in his mid-20s about an inch taller but a little narrower across the shoulders than Davo, with long sinewy arms and the mandatory broken nose of a boxer.

"Excuse me mate, are you in charge?"

The instructor turned to Davo and smiled. "That's right. What can I do for you?"

He sounded pleasant enough but Davo could sense by the way he looked at him that he was slightly curious as to why a man obviously a lot older than the other kids in the gym would want to take up boxing. "I'd like some lessons if I could, mate. I've got a chance of doing some

movie stunt work through a mate of mine and I need to know the basics. I did a bit years ago when I was at school, but it was nothing really. Do you think you could show us a few things?"

The instructor smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "I don't see why not. What's your name?"

"Ah... Brian," replied Davo.

"Okay Brian, I'm Ken." They shook hands briefly. "Leave your gear over there somewhere and come back and have a tap on one of these bags for a while, then I might get in the ring with you. There's a pair of bag-mitts on that table over there."

Davo walked over and placed his bag on the wooden bench running round the wall, then picked up the mitts, selected a punching bag and, under Ken's watchful eye, began circling the bag slowly, poking out lefts and rights. He deliberately made mistakes and only threw the punches at about a quarter the speed and power he could have, if that.

Ken was reasonably pleased — at least Brian seemed to have half an idea what he was doing so he wouldn't have to be teaching a complete dodo.

"Just keep your right up under your chin and your elbow over your ribs a bit more, Brian. And throw those lefts out straight from your shoulder. Here, I'll show you."

Davo stood aside while Ken moved around the bag and tossed out several straight lefts and one or two rights. Davo smiled to himself as he nodded in acknowledgment, then did as Ken told him.

"Yeah, that's better. Much better. Do another round or so and we'll get into the ring."

When he'd finished Ken got four large, crinkled boxing-gloves off the table and they gloved up, ready to have a spar.

"You done much boxing, have you Ken?" asked Davo, as one of the young blokes helped him lace up the gloves.

"Oh yeah, I did a bit," replied Ken evenly. "I was amateur light-heavyweight champion of NSW for three years. I drew for the Australian title once. I was metropolitan heavyweight champion for two years."

"Yeah? How many fights have you had?"

Ken gave his shoulders a bit of a shrug. "Over a hundred."

As they climbed into the ring Ken turned to a young, red-headed kid and nodded to a large timing clock on a wall above the ring. "Jimmy. Give us three minutes off the top, will you?"

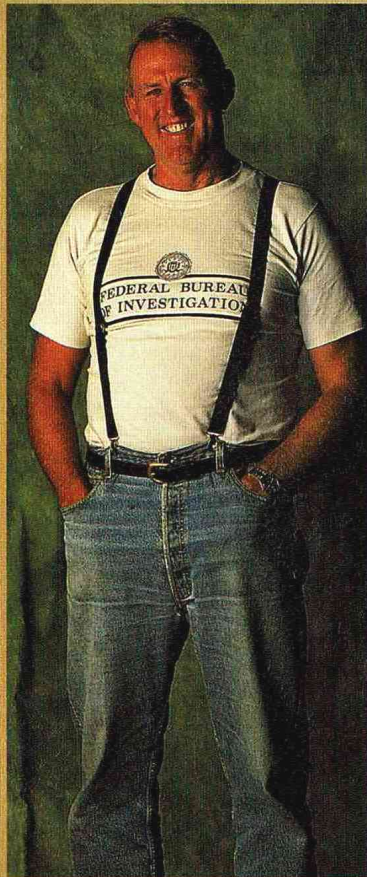
They stood there for a few seconds till the single hand moved around, then Jimmy called out "righto" and Ken and Davo began circling each other.

Davo was a little worried at first that he might get excited and do something foolish, but instead he was as unruffled as if he was just standing there waiting for a bus. Ken would poke out a couple of straight lefts or a right and Davo would keep his guard up and poke a couple of lefts back. It seemed easy. The shock of Ken's punches landing twiggled his headache slightly, but happily nowhere near enough to worry him. Davo knew Ken was taking it easy but somehow it all looked like it was in slow motion. Whether the brain damage Davo suffered had something to do with his reflexes Davo wasn't sure, but every time Ken threw a punch Davo felt like he could have read a book while it was coming; he had to forcibly restrain himself from letting go about a dozen punches at a time. It felt like they'd only been going at it for a few seconds when the kid yelled out "righto" again and they stopped for a minute's rest.

"You're going pretty good," said Ken. "You sure you haven't been doing a bit of training?"

Davo shrugged. "Only a little bit over

THE BARRETT FACTOR

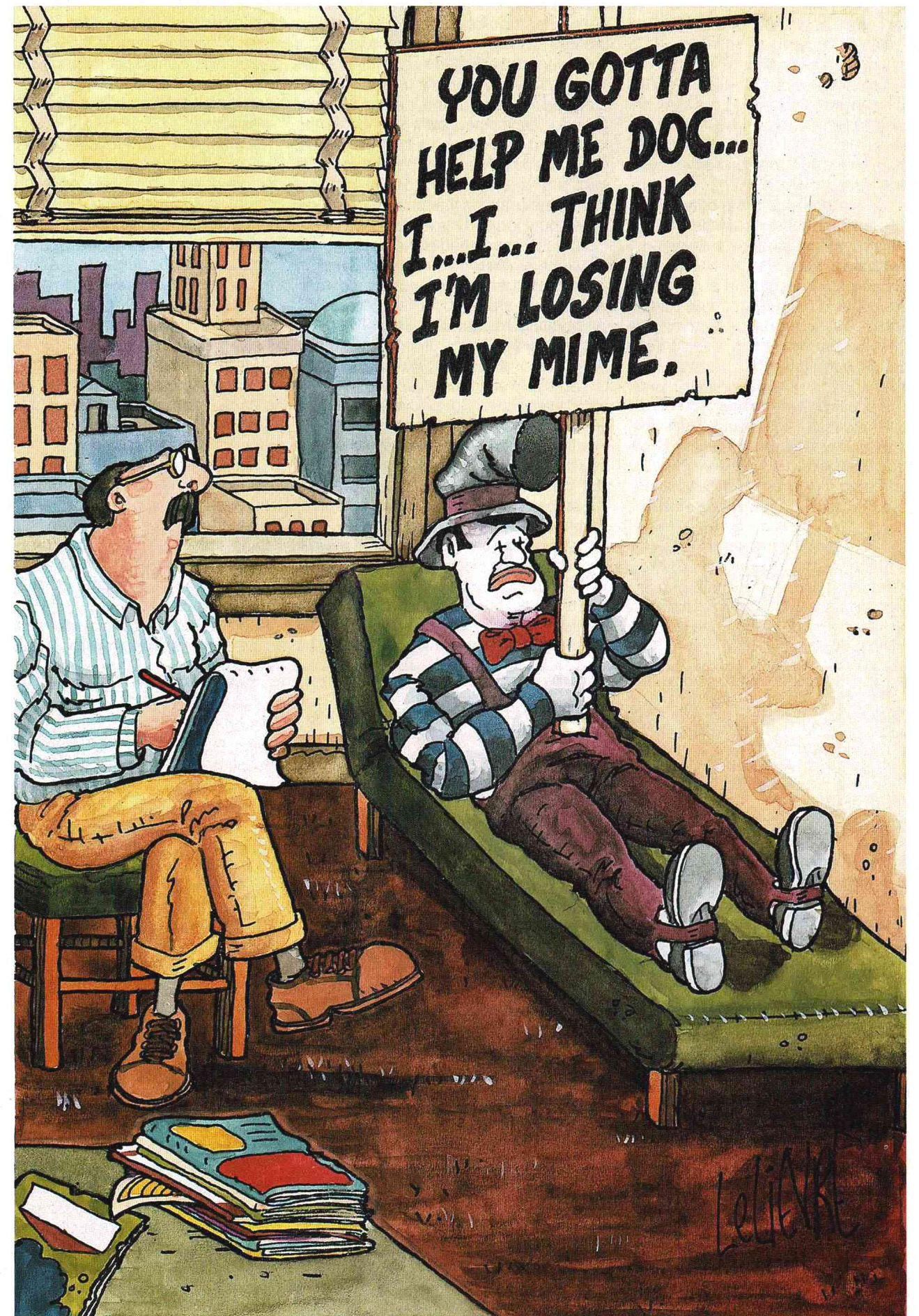


tralia, any man, no matter how modest his intellectual background, can become a successful novelist.

Barrett grew up in Bondi and worked for many years as a butcher. While recuperating from a back injury he did a WEA writing course and learnt to type. His first short story was published by *Australian Penthouse* and the first collection of Les Norton stories, *You Wouldn't Be Dead For Quids*, was launched soon afterwards. The book is now in its ninth printing, has sold over 60,000 copies and has spawned another four successful Les Norton novels.

Barrett is about to launch his sixth novel, the first which doesn't feature casino bouncer Les Norton as its central character. Davo's *Little Something*, an extract of which appears here, is the story of an angry man who avenges the death of a homosexual hairdresser friend who was savagely beaten by a gay-bashing gang. But you'll have to read the book to find out just what Davo's "little something" is.

Americans like to tout their egalitarianism by claiming that any man, no matter how humble his origins, can become president of the US. Using Robert Barrett as an example, it could be said that in Aus-



Davo

the last couple of weeks with that mate of mine I was telling you about."

The tall instructor nodded. Davo smiled. "Well, this time go a bit harder, will you? If I'm going to do this stunt work I may as well get used to copping a few hard knocks."

"All right, but if I hurt you at all you yell out and I'll stop. Okay?"

The kid yelled "righto" and they got stuck into it again. By now the rest of the kids in the gym had stopped training and moved closer to the ring to watch. Ken was starting to let his punches go. Davo let a couple land but they still didn't seem to hurt him. Those he didn't want to land he either caught on his elbows or slipped: anytime he wanted to hit Ken he could. It was easy, too easy and Davo wasn't even trying. He could hardly believe it. Then he decided he'd learnt all he could from Ken and had used him enough and now it was time to put an end to it, as if Ken wasn't a human being but a unit that was to be disposed of because it was of no further use.

He shuffled slightly away from Ken and to his right, then moved back in; Ken threw a straight left that Davo saw coming as soon as Ken's glove moved. Like he had all the time in the world Davo ducked underneath it and drove a withering short

right straight into Ken's heart with all his power. Ken's eyes closed as he let out an audible gasp of pain and shock, and he froze in his tracks. Just as quickly, Davo brought another short right over Ken's shoulders and crashed it straight on to his jaw, making his eyes flutter open as he dropped his guard and began to totter forward. Davo then bent slightly at the knees and hit Ken with a brutal left-hook that slewed his head around and sent him crashing against the ropes. He made a desperate grab for the top strand but his knees buckled and his hand slipped from the ropes. He crashed down heavily on to his right elbow, looked up at Davo in glazed disbelief for a second, then pitched forward on to his face, out cold.

For a brief instant Davo felt a twinge of remorse for Ken as he stood over him; he was an honest, straightforward, good bloke whose main concern was that he didn't hurt Davo. But bad luck. Then he noticed all the kids staring at him with their mouths wide open. Without saying a word he climbed from the ring, pulled his hands straight out of the gloves, tossed them on the table, then picked up his overnight bag and left. He didn't wait for the lift but ran straight down the stairs, getting into his tracksuit top when he got out the front.

He was still thinking about his stoush with Ken as he drove towards Central Station. When he pulled up for a set of lights near Haymarket he glanced up at a

sign on a window he'd noticed on a trip into town earlier. Academy of Advanced Tae-Kwon-Do. That'll do, he thought. Tae-kwon-do. Karate, hapkido. Same bloody thing. I'll give them a ring when I get home. He scribbled the number down while he waited for the lights to change and rang it not long after he got home and cleaned up.

Martial arts was a lot different to boxing — a lot more things could happen while you're bouncing around in a ring and he doubted if he'd come across another instructor as good-natured as Ken was. But Davo wasn't unduly worried about what would happen at the Academy Of Advanced Tae-Kwon-Do, as he sat there staring absently at the phone, the half smile still on his face. If anything, he was looking forward to it.

He drove down to the Haymarket just after four the next afternoon, finding a parking spot behind the old Capitol Theatre. He locked the car and walked around to the gymnasium.

A dingy open doorway with a couple of signs written in English and an Asian language with a painting of a fist above them fronted a set of creaky, wooden stairs that led the one flight up to the gymnasium. As he climbed the stairs Davo could hear the thumps and shouts of the people working out and when he reached the top he was confronted by a sight somewhat different to the gym at the YMCA.

There was the usual boxing ring at one end but a lot more punching bags of different sizes plus some floor-to-ceiling bags. One wall was nearly all mirrors and the others were plastered with martial arts movie posters and various sets of photo instructions on karate, plus a rack of exotic looking knives and axes. One man in a black outfit walked po-faced amongst the people training, stopping to give exaggerated instructions accompanied by more shouting.

A counter-cum-reception desk stood near the top of the stairs behind which sat an impassive Asian somewhere in his thirties, going bald in the front with the hair at the back pushed forward in an attempt to cover it. Davo walked over to him and placed his overnight bag on the counter. "Excuse me," he said. "Which is Lee?" "I'm Lee," was the short reply.

Davo gave Lee the same spiel he'd given Ken about the movie stunt work, adding that he'd done some boxing and a bit of Thai style when he was in the Air Force. Lee pointed to where there was a locker room and told Davo to get changed, have a work-out on one of the bags for around 15 minutes, then come back and see him and he'd have one of the instructors take him into the ring and show him the basics. Davo did as instructed, then returned to Lee at the counter.

"Hey Vittor!" Lee called out.

The instructor in the black outfit whom Davo had noticed earlier broke away from the student he was talking to and came over. He was about the same size as Davo, probably a little bigger with fierce brown eyes set in a wide angular face topped with short curly black hair and a droopy Pancho Villa moustache.

"Vittor, this is Brian," said Lee. "Brian's going to be a student here. Will you gear him and take him in the ring and show him what we'll be teaching him over the next few months? He's also a movie stuntman," he added.

Vittor didn't say anything or offer to shake hands as he stood there rocking up and down on his toes with his thumbs jammed in the knot of a flat black cotton belt he had tied round his waist. The way he glowered into his face Davo quickly got the impression he was trying to intimidate him. Where Davo had sort of admired Ken when he first met him, he found he was taking an immediate dislike to Vittor.

"Righto Vittor," he grinned cheekily. "What's the story?"

Vittor looked Davo up and down for a moment, then took a deep breath. "Follow me," he grunted.

"Okay," said Davo. "Hey, Vittor, you done much of this martial arts caper, have you?"

Vittor looked at Davo coldly as if he'd just asked him if his younger sister was

still a virgin. "I've got a black belt for tae-kwon-do and karate. I've been an instructor for five years. And I won my last 15 full-contact bouts by knockout."

"Gee whiz! That's good, isn't it?" replied Davo.

Vittor ignored Davo and they climbed into the ring.

For the next five minutes or so Vittor moved around Davo, showing him all the different punches and kicks, stopping them just a few centimetres before they landed. He was quick on his feet and just as quick using them: the same with his hands.

Davo was suitably impressed, though all the time he got the impression that Vittor was bored shitless having to instruct what he considered cretins and was trying to show him how clever he was as much as instruct him.

"You're not half bad at this rort, are you, Vittor," smiled Davo. Vittor looked at him but didn't say anything. "How about this time you throw some more punches and kick a little faster and I'll see if I can duck them. It'll do me good for the movies."

Vittor looked curiously at Davo for a second or two. "As you wish," he said. "We'll put the headgear on."

He called for one of the students to hand the gear to him, then give him three minutes off the clock situated above the ring, much the same as the one at the YMCA. They put the headgear on, the

student called out "go" and away they went again.

This time Davo could sense and feel the difference. Even though Vittor wasn't quite putting everything into it, he was throwing plenty of kicks and punches hard enough to have knocked Davo down or hurt him if they'd landed. However, Davo was ducking and slipping the blows easily, quite enjoying himself, and he could sense the annoyance in Vittor. Every now and again he would lazily poke his left into Vittor's face or give him a short right to the ribs to anger him some more. Just as what Davo judged to be the last few seconds of the round came up he slipped to Vittor's left and gave him a hefty Thai kick right across his thigh which stopped him dead in his tracks. As the student called out time Davo could see Vittor's eyes glaring at him from behind the headgear like two red-hot coals.

"You say you've never done this?" said Vittor as he stood near the ropes while they had a breather. There was more than just a hint of both suspicion and anger in his voice.

"Did a bit of boxing when I was a kid," replied Davo casually. "That's probably why I can handle you all right."

"Boxing? Boxing's a woman's sport," retorted Vittor.

"Yeah? A lot of blokes I know reckon

Continued on page 96



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PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLEN BRADLEY

LUCKY NIGHT

Gabrielle and some friends had gone out for a drink after work one Friday night. She spotted Tom across the bar. She took in his face, his shoulders and arms in his tight T-shirt, and decided it was all or nothing. She sidled over to him and whispered something in his ear.







Whatever it was that Gabrielle had said to Tom, it worked. Her friends watched in amazement as he followed her out into the night. Once back home, Gabrielle explored every part of her new-found friend. "I want to do things for you that nobody has ever done before," she breathed.



Tom smiled. "I've got a few tricks of my own to show you," he said. Gabrielle couldn't believe her luck. "Do it!" she replied. "Do everything. I'm all yours." Tom, who reckoned it was his lucky night, too, got down to it and soon had Gabrielle begging him for more. And that was only the beginning.



the **B** L O N D E B A C K L A S H

Are blondes becoming an endangered species?

Why do blondes take the pill?

So they know what day of the week it is.

How many blondes does it take to change a light bulb?

Three — one to find the ladder, one to find the bulb and one to find a man to do the work.

Why did God invent orgasms?

So blondes would know when to stop bonking.

Actually the above premises all seem perfectly practical to me. . . Men stop bonking when they have an orgasm. Why shouldn't blondes?

But then, I'm blonde. Naturally blonde, of course. I mean, I do have a few teensy highlights combed through. And the occasional toning rinse. But this is my real hair color. Honestly. Anyway, so what?

Everyone admires a self-made man — why not the self-made blonde? I'm blonde, never mind how I got this way, at a time when blonde has never been harder. The recent backlash has been tough on those of blonde persuasion. Many of us are even defecting to the brunette camp to escape the constant carping against blondery.

There are fewer blondes on the street. Sometimes I see one scuttling along to the hairdresser with her blonde locks barely visible beneath a headscarf. Blondes are going out to buy milk and catfood and returning two hours later, disoriented and brunette.

There are fewer blondes on television. Even the Sunsilk advertisement, a bastion of bloneness, is presently featuring a brunette in the lead role.



Blondes are being edged out of their habitat. One of the strongest indications that blondes are becoming an endangered species is the scary testimony of dye manufacturers Clairol, who say: "Sales of blinding creams have been declining steadily all year."

A dissenting hair designer, Lloyd Lomas, laughed derisively and said: "Blondes don't even get those jokes."

I'm blonde.
I'm sitting here with a bottle of brunette hair dye in one hand and a Colt .45 in the other.

What is happening to society? Until recently, blonde has always been a great career move. Well, even if it stuffed your career, there was always the consoling devotion of the masculine masses. But suddenly it's uncool. A society which has spent decades seducing us with blonde mythology is now persecuting those who succumbed.

When we think of blonde, we think of Michelle Pfeiffer, Daryl Hannah, Kim Basinger... Or the grand, lamented blondes of yesteryear — Brigitte, Marilyn, Grace, Jane, Jean and Mae. Clara Bow, the "It Girl", wasn't a blonde, but she ought to have been. She had a blonde soul. Blondes are brainy. Just ignore Ciccolina, Zsa-Zsa, Ivana and Marla.

Blonde is an adjective denoting a hell of a lot more than just hair color. Blonde as in, "you spent all night talking to that blonde", doesn't mean merely, "girl with yellow hair." It can mean temptress, amoral flirt or stupid nympho bitch. Mostly it means A Threat.

Blonde is a state of mind — or no mind, if you like — that jealous brunettes are trying to make unfashionable. I didn't appreciate the full impact of the anti-blonde movement till I attended a dinner party recently. The brunette sitting across from me seemed quite tolerantly liberal until she started off with the first of many slurs against my species. Laughing gaily she asked: "What do you do when a blonde throws a grenade at you?"

"Pull the pin and throw it back" I chortled.
"What does a blonde say after sex?"
"So do you all play for the same team?"
Scraping the hair off my face, I sniggered nervously.

"Why do blondes only get half an hour for lunch?"

"Because if it were any longer you'd have to restrain them."

Forty-four blonde jokes later, my laughter began to sound tinny and hollow. Surely only a psychopath would learn that many jokes off by heart. "Er, hasn't the weather been strange lately?" I said.

"Why do blondes like tilt steering?" replied the brunette.

"For headroom," she guffawed with psychotic glee.

I felt like a negro who'd gone to the wrong party and ended up at a Ku Klux Klan meeting. Or as if I was in one of those stupid nightmares where you're meandering round the CBD wearing nought but a pair of gungy underpants. If I'd been Irish, she wouldn't have dared crack Irish quips all through dinner. Being blonde left me open to the insinuation that I'm criminally thick and a raving loopo nympho.

This may, in fact, be true — but bloneness has nothing to do with it. Luckily the anti-blonde tirade was interrupted by the arrival of my dark-haired boyfriend who denounced the blonde backlash as the work of a disgruntled and betrayed brunette. That did the trick.

Muttering about forming a Blondes' Support Workshop, I decided that brunettes feel it's acceptable to slag blondes to their faces because, unlike ethnic groups, blondes choose to be blonde. Many of us are born blonde, but very few remain in that enlightened state. So we reach for the bleach. And once chemically blonded, a girl is bonded to the bottle. Society fails to understand how utterly addictive that first whiff of ammonium hydrogen peroxide is.

It's a hard habit to kick.
I've been trying to contact several brunettes, nee blondes, to discover how they felt about their recent color change and all of them were off work sick. Presumably with withdrawal complications.

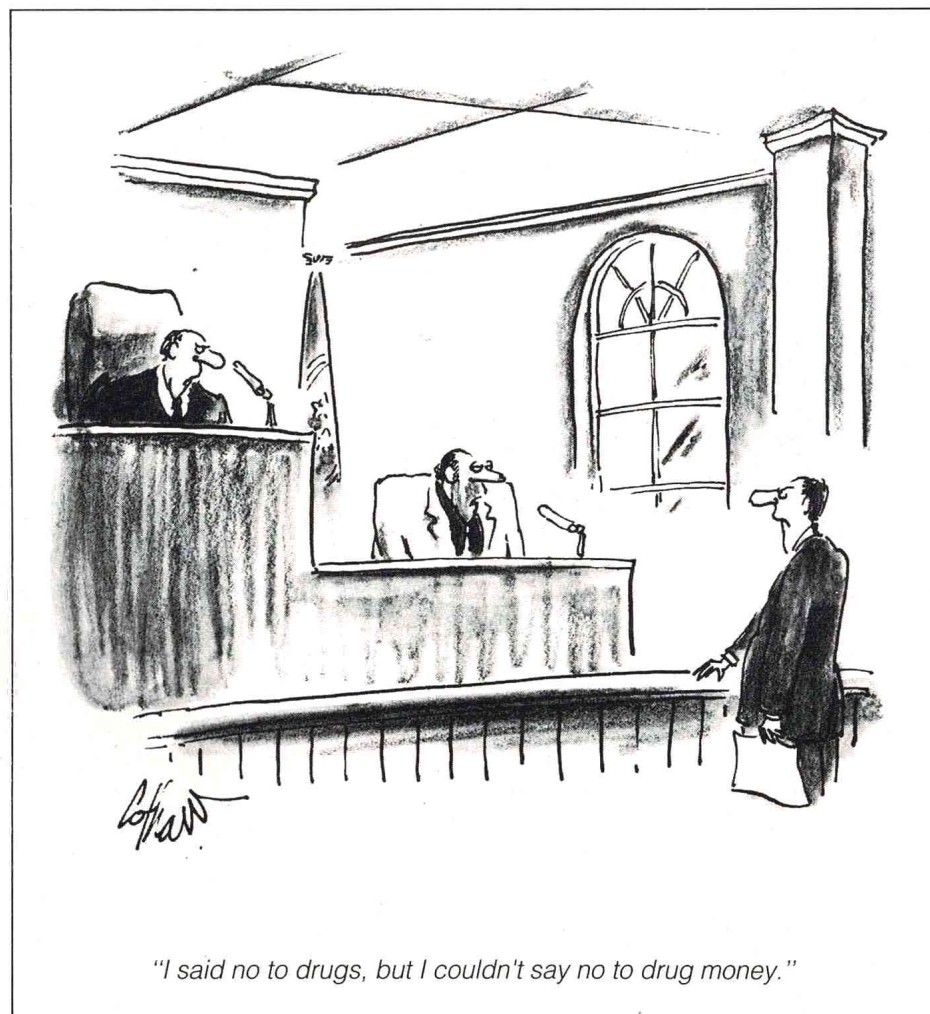
A blonde may well keep the extent of her addiction a secret, but here are just a few well-known blonde addicts:

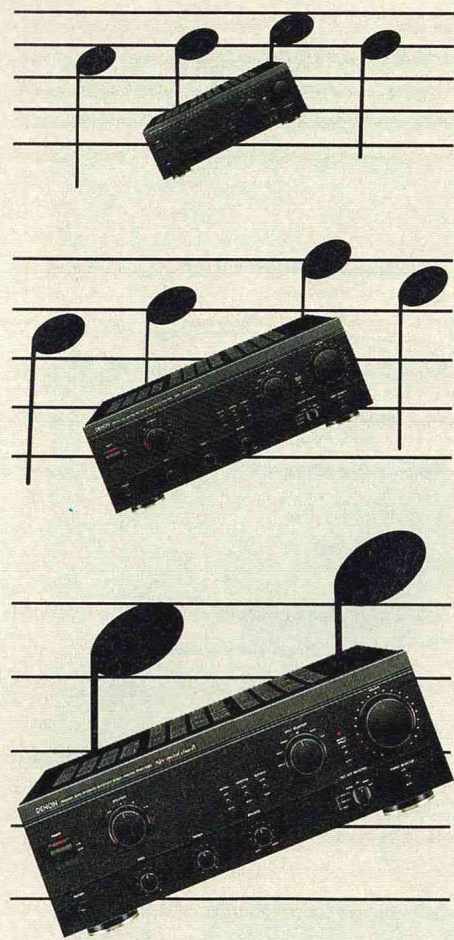
Deborah Harry of Blondie is still a bottle babe at the age of 40-something. Her one brunette album, *Koo Koo*, bombed. The bleach is trashing her hair to the point where she now has to sport hair extensions to look any good, but she can't give up blondery.

Princess Diana started out as a mousy brunette and is now verging on ultra-blonde-semi-platinum status. Her locks lighten as she moves closer to being Queen of England. Presumably nobody makes blonde jokes in her presence.

Madonna occasionally has a bash at being her natural brunette self but can't sustain it. For a few weeks she bangs on about how being brunette makes her feel more "earthy and centred" and then *wham* — she's blonde again. In a recent article, her hairdresser warned that her hair would break off if she bleached it again. "Just get the fuck on with it," she snapped.

Patti Hansen, ex-top model and Mrs Keith Richards, is also a slave to the bottle, as are all the Stones' girls. In *Vanity Fair* magazine she described how she had her hair dyed back to its natural red color.





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BLONDE

Continued from page 82

"But I missed being blonde, so I went back... I feel younger blonde. I know it's tacky, but it works for me," she said not at all apologetically.

Another blonde addict who makes no apologies is Rod Stewart, proving that yobs also prefer blondes. It's rumored that an integral part of the pre-nuptial contract his wives sign is a clause requiring them to stay blonde and show no dark roots.

I can recall exactly how my own addiction began. I was born blonde but it had darkened into mouse with a few mingy gold streaks by the time I was 15. I demanded extra pocket money so I could buy bleach. The request was unreasonably refused on the grounds that Dad would disown any daughter who dyed her hair. I shoplifted a bottle of Ultra Blonde the next day. The thrill of that very first hit is still with me.

Mously, I mooched into the bathroom and emerged two hours later, transformed. I was never quite the same again. Nor was the bathroom. Everyone at school automatically assumed I'd lost my virginity. Girls who used to ignore me suddenly lent me copies of *Cleo* sealed sections. My popularity soared. My marks plummeted.

To bleach one's hair is to give oneself an instant identity and partake of a time-honored tradition. Blondes really do have more fun... even if it's only because you can always find them in the dark, as Bob Geldof's wife, the author Paula Yates, maintains.

If I ever get around to organising the Blonde Support Workshops — (What do you call five blondes sitting in a circle? A *dope ring*) — we will be lobbying for recognition of blonde addiction.

I'd also like it recognised that all blondes do not pour from the same vat. They vary from suburb to suburb. In Sydney's Kings Cross, one can see hordes of sun-bleached Nordic blonde backpackers galloping round gawping at professional blondes who'd probably disintegrate to dust should the sun ever touch them. A few kilometres away in Paddington are the moneyed BMW blondes — (Why do blondes drive BMWs? *Because it's the only car they can spell*) — who have hair so skilfully maintained it costs them about \$200 per visit to their hair broker.

In Paddington, for a blonde to have even a micro-millimetre of dark roots showing is akin to admitting Dad was a Blacktown bookie. In the suburb where I exist, which is populated by mostly Greek and Italian Australians, any variety of blonde is admired with gusto. The brassier the better.

On the other hand feminists, who are supposed to be supportive of all women, are notoriously nasty to blondes. Banging on about woman's rights one night, I was stopped by a feminist hissing: "You bleach your hair... what would you know?" According to the Gospel of Feminism, bleaching one's hair is a pathetic attempt at rendering oneself non-threatening, childlike and malleable to men.

Does Sly Stallone think of Danish super-blonde Brigitte Nielsen as malleable? He's been sticking strictly to brunettes ever since she shafted him.

Interested in finding out more about why feminists shudder when pronouncing the B-word, I consulted one of their magazines — and remained mystified. "Blondeness is a potent, densely-coded symbol that stands for a hotch-potch of sentiments and moods, linked to abstracted, idealised social relations which are condensed and frozen... Blondeness calls up an existential hiatus, unresolved and ever-threatening to social life..."

I suppose I'd say something like that, too, if I were a blonde-hating brunette with a sociology degree and a dictionary.

What really fucks off the anti-blond contingent is that blondes have always been associated with sex — and not particularly sex within marriage. Anita Loos's Thirties novel was called *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, but it was subtitled "But They Marry Brunettes", thus proving that blondes are more easily synonymous with pre- and/or extra-marital sex. In the Fifties, when girls were either good or bad depending upon their sexual conduct, a blinding advertisement had the risqué slogan: "Does She Or Doesn't She?"

Nowadays it's simply assumed that blondes do.

The blonde backlash, I've concluded from my investigations, is based upon a fear of women's sexual freedom, the right to flirt outrageously, get pissed at parties and giggle. The sinister subtext beneath the blonde jokes is that women shouldn't fuck or have any fun at all. Or that if they do, they're of low intelligence or caste.

By attacking blondes they're disguising an all-encompassing attack against women. The anti-blond movement is misogynist... after all, not one of the blonde jokes is about blond blokes is it? I'm resisting the blonde backlash.

But the blonde support network (Blonde Maturation and Betterment Organisation — BMBO — on second thoughts, no,) anyway, we blondes need your support.

Be nice to blondes. Tell brunette jokes. I'm staying blonde. Yes, I am an addict. But it's astounding that in today's world I haven't ended up a born-again Christian or a terrorist. I'm blonde and proud of it. Excuse me, I have to go — my roots are starting to show. 

BOXING PROFESSIONALS

Continued from page 15

"I certainly don't want to hurt anyone," says Peter, "but I should still be able to learn boxing."

Charlie Smith has been training older men for about five years. About 15 pupils over the age of 25 now regularly attend his classes. They train for two hours in three-minute rounds: on the speedball, on the heavy bag, in the ring, before the mirror and on the speedbag.

"Young boys move more naturally," Charlie says. "Older men have had time to become more unco-ordinated." He teaches "step by step, fixing mistakes as they come. Older fellas don't pick up stuff as fast, but they learn by repetition."

Charlie took on older men initially to supplement his income. As coach for both the NSW and Australian sides, the intense, softly-spoken Yorkshireman has a lot on his plate, but he is happy to put effort into teaching men who will

"We're here to train, not to bash each other."

never bring him any glory. "I get a lot out of it," he says.

Charlie's gym keeps the old police/citizens' club hours. Training is from four to six, in tune with the rhythms of schoolboys and manual workers. Peter thinks that boxing should go into the health clubs, where it could be scheduled to meet the needs of the executive. "It's a real struggle for me to get here, even for five o'clock," he says. "If a member of my staff said they were knocking off at four to go to the gym, I'd tell them to get stuffed."

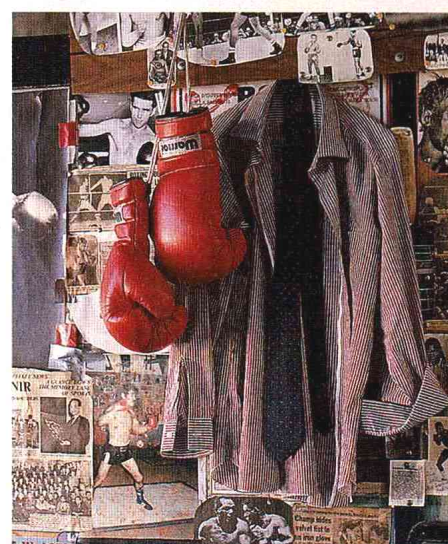
Eric, 35, has been coming to the gym for four months. He also runs and swims. His training enabled

him to clock his best time on the annual Sydney City To Surf marathon last year, down from 67 minutes to 61. He chose boxing "for fitness and defence" and because "it is a hard sport."

Eric is a sturdy, fit man and a fast, accurate puncher, but he is realistic. "If you put me in the ring with a 19-year-old, he'd smack me

around. We (the older men) are here to train, not bash each other." Since he started training with Charlie Smith, Eric has lost a stone.

Irb, 32, helps Charlie with the training. A mechanical engineer from New Zealand, he says that "the whole face of amateur boxing is changing now. We're trying to reach more people." Irb recognises



that older men are restricted by family and work commitments: "We get a lot of self-employed blokes because they have less restrictions. We've had a doctor, a solicitor and an author. The lawyer was very good. None of these blokes are put in a position where they could get hurt."

Irb enjoys teaching white-collar men. "They're thinking blokes. They watch for a while and they realise that boxing is a science. They've got a determination to persist where others don't. These are the blokes who, once they're into it and they understand it, are going to go and watch fights and support other boxers." — Mark Dapin 

advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Turkey factor

I have three women on the go at the moment, one of whom is my wife. One of the problems is that I have hepatitis-B and I think that I may be putting them at risk. I also made one of the girls, who is 18, pregnant. How can I reduce the risks of passing on hepatitis-B to my three lovers? What chances are there that the baby will suffer side effects? What would they be? And what choices do I have about the baby?

Oh, you're very clever, aren't you? A real bright spark. If you haven't already done anything to reduce the risks to your lovers (and you obviously haven't, since one is pregnant) you'd better 'fess up and tell them to get themselves checked out medically. Fast. And as for the pregnant 18-year-old (presumably not your wife) who now may have hep-B and pass it on to her child, well, she'd better see a doctor too. I don't know what the side effects would be for the child, but unless you're a complete cretin (and you're shaping up just fine for that) you'd better do something serious about finding out. And what do you mean by "choices"? If you're talking about whether or not the baby is carried full-term, that's entirely up to the mother. You made your choice when you didn't use a condom in the first place.

Just friends

I am a male in college. I have an attractive female friend whom I have known for most of my life. She is going out with this boy whom I consider a real jerk.

Many times when I am feeling close to her I have this urge to come on to her, but I don't know how to go about it. I'm not sure she feels the same way about me or whether she is just hiding it. But if I did come on to her and she pushed me away, I would feel like a real jerk and end a friendship with someone I care about very much.



But if she responded to my actions, I wouldn't know how to go about continuing an intimate relationship with her.

I also have this thing about breasts and backsides. Whenever I am close to any female that I fancy, I feel like reaching out and touching their breasts or pressing myself up against their backsides.

To answer your last question first, what male doesn't? Women experience the same sort of desires when they fancy men. That's normal. Don't do it, though, unless very clearly invited!

About your friend. Friendships between men and women can become complicated because they involve love, although not necessarily sexual love. However, it's very easy, when you are close to and care for someone of the opposite sex, for these feelings to express themselves sexually. I don't think there's a definite line, in any case. Many good friendships have been ruined (and just as many have survived) by an attempt to take things further.

She has a boyfriend. Whether or not you think him a jerk is immaterial. Does she? If she had a choice between spending an evening with you, or with him, which would she choose? If it's you, well, go for it. But if it's him, you'll just have to stick with being friends. Friendships tend to be much more durable than affairs anyway, and you'll probably still be enjoying her friendship and respect long after the jerk has faded into the wallpaper.

Ouch

My boyfriend has decided it would be a

huge turn-on for him if I got my nipples and labia pierced. He keeps telling me how much better sex would be for him if he could see my nipple studs and feel the metal in my lower lips. The very thought of it makes me go cold — I'm not into pain and can't even handle injections at the doctor. But now I feel guilty because I want to satisfy him. He doesn't have any piercings himself, and says he doesn't need them.

Doesn't he just. Put your tongue in your cheek and tell him that you'll have your nipples pierced the day he gets the tip of his dick pierced. If he

goes ahead (and I bet you a pot of gold he'd run a mile before he did), tell him, yeah, what he does with his dick is his business, and what you do with your nipples is yours. Then wander off into the sunset and find a guy who doesn't have to make you feel guilty to get his kicks.

Curved dick

I am 19, male and have a very embarrassing problem. When my penis becomes fully erect I find that instead of it being straight as a pole (the way it supposedly should be) mine has a large bend to the left hand side, so it resembles a bloody banana. Furthermore, if I apply some pressure I find I can easily bend my member further to the left, but I cannot bend it to the right. My member has been this way for as long as I can remember. Do you think this is a medical problem or am I just making a mountain out of a molehill?

Although many men don't seem to be aware of it, it's very common for a penis to be curved. Some curve to the left, some to the right, and some towards the body. Unless it interferes with your sexual activities, I wouldn't think twice about it.

You definitely don't need to be embarrassed or self-conscious — just consider it part of your character.

Dubious deviate

I am 26 and have been going out with my present girlfriend for four years. Marriage seems inevitable (even though my future mother-in-law thinks that I am a "Westie").

My problem is that my girlfriend thinks

that I'm a sex maniac if I suggest we make love more than once a month, even though she seems to enjoy it when we do. Naturally this is half or less of what I would like.

Prior to this relationship I had an irregular sex life but had no complaints. Which brings me to my second problem — masturbation. I've heard other guys talking about doing it, but I'm not sure. Once while I was out on a property a few years ago working as a jackeroo I tried but to no avail. I had a bruised dick for over a week.

How can I convince my girlfriend that I'm not a sexual deviate?

You need to develop a far greater communication with her about sex. Most women know enough about sex to know that more than once a month — lots more — is not deviance, it's normal. Your girlfriend has little reason to be so ignorant — women's magazines such as Cosmo and Cleo, mainstream movies, TV — are all informative about sex and society.

Your masturbation question is a real puzzle. We've had one or two letters in the past from men who've never masturbated, but in those cases they were also virgins. Most men — especially in their teenage years — can't stop themselves. Masturbation, besides being enjoyable, is a way to get to know yourself sexually before embarking on sex with somebody else.

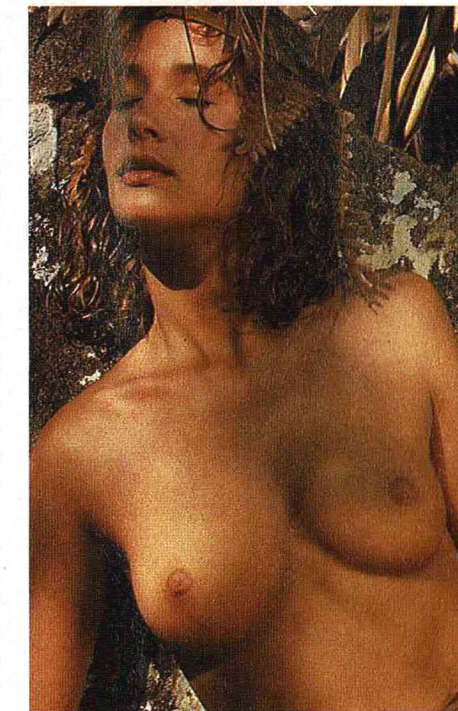
Your tone about your impending marriage is one of resignation rather than excitement and anticipation. You also say your girlfriend "seems" to enjoy sex when you do have it. But does she? Do you know for sure? Do you ever talk to her about it? Does she come? Has she ever masturbated? Women who find sex exciting and fulfilling are usually pretty keen to indulge regularly, unless there's some other interference such as stress, tiredness or fear of pregnancy. If she's not very keen, then she probably isn't enjoying it much.

The best way to initiate some real communication with your girlfriend might be to get a couple of good sex books, such as The Joy Of Sex, and have a read. Then try to introduce some new ideas — gently — to your girlfriend. Try to discover how to really turn her on and satisfy her. If she won't go the distance with you and at least try, then I don't know if you have a very good foundation for a marriage.

Getting going

I am 27 years old, male and still a virgin! I feel that women generally find me attractive, it's just that I'm rather shy. However, enough is enough and this summer I plan on getting laid. I would like to have sex with many different women. Therefore is it safe, health-wise, or advisable to use escorts as a means of obtaining experience and of fulfilling my incredible desire for pussy?

Healthwise, it should be safe as long as you use condoms. Most escorts insist on safe sex in any case. It's not a bad idea because once you've tried yourself out,



you may find your confidence increases enough to put your shyness behind you. Be aware, though, that paid-for sex can be pretty routine, with none of the big highs that happen between two people who are seriously attracted to each other and very turned on. But it's a start. And you're dead right — you do need to get going. You should have some great fun catching up.

Happy heels

I'm a 28-year-old female nurse and I have a problem. I enjoy sex anyway, but I get much more turned on if I wear high heels while I'm doing it. Is this a fetish? I've read that only males have fetishes. My boy-

friend doesn't like it because he says I scratch him with them when I get excited.

Usually with a true fetish the person can't become aroused or enjoy sex at all without the object in question. Since you say you enjoy sex anyway, I'd call it a preference and I definitely wouldn't call it a problem. Lots of women become more turned on if they are wearing expensive lingerie, silk stockings or whatever. It's an old fallacy that women only wear such things to please men.

To solve the problem of stilettoing your lover, try taping some cotton wool over the tip of each heel and see how that works. Perhaps he's complaining because he feels a bit put out by the fact that the shoes — rather than something he does — give you that extra turn-on. If that's the case, a bit of reassurance will probably sort that out quickly enough.

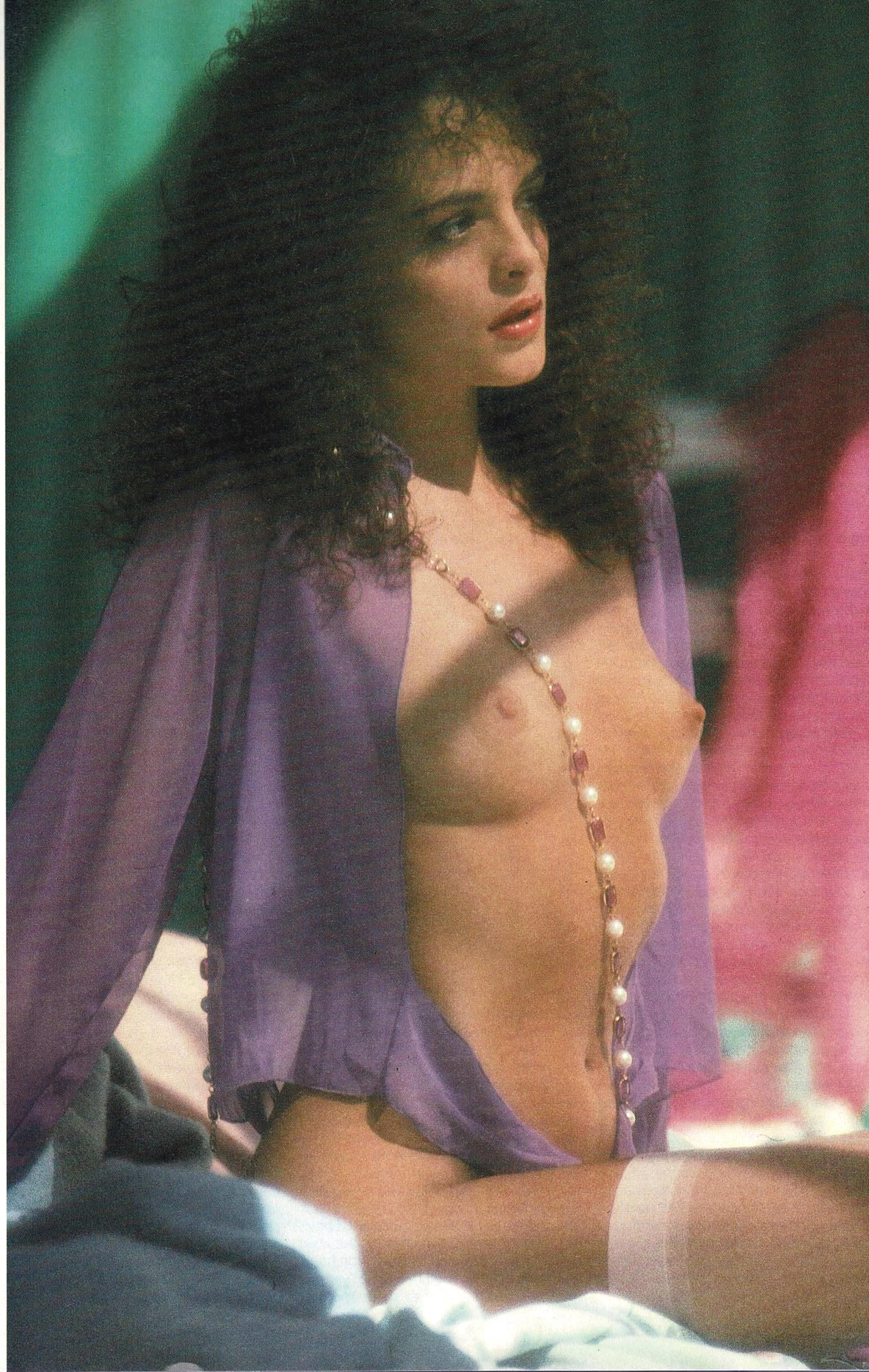
Stray lingerie

I recently discovered that my boyfriend is having an affair. He doesn't know that I know. We've been living together for three years and have always had an active, fulfilling sex life. I found out because I found some unfamiliar lingerie under our bed. (I put it back, and it disappeared the following day.) He works shift work, and is often home during the days. He still wants to have sex with me as much as ever, and behaves as lovingly as ever, but now I don't want him to lay a finger on me. I can't believe he'd deceive me like this. I thought he loved me. Now he wants to know what's "wrong" with me because I've "gone off" him. I don't know what to do.

You could try tackling him about it. There might be some innocent explanation for the lingerie, but it doesn't seem likely. Perhaps it was just a momentary indiscretion which he wants to forget about.

If he's deceiving you on a grand scale, though, and you confront him, he'll probably lie his head off to get out of it. So try, by whatever means available, to find out if it's an ongoing thing. Some people might say he has a right to his privacy, but in the days of AIDS, etc, I reckon you've got a right to know whether you're playing sexual Russian roulette.

If it was an indiscretion that he regrets, then try to forgive and forget. But if it's more than that, then ask yourself if the relationship is worth preserving. ☺



sweet Freedom

Johnie Cheney is a sparky 21-year-old who has decided that life is for fun. "I suppose it's a form of rebellion," she says, "doing this. I grew up in a big family and we all had to behave like lambs, you know, get good grades, play the piano. Somehow, I always felt as though I was missing out on some bright, exciting part of life."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS





"Now," says Johnie determinedly, "I am going to do anything I like – and I refuse to feel guilty. I love going out partying and meeting lots of different men. I love driving fast and being outrageous. I'm discovering a side of myself that I didn't know existed and I'm having the best time of my life. My family is going to freak when they find out I've posed for *Penthouse*, but maybe, then, they will see me in a different light."





case

Continued from page 54

shark menace. Now I knew it had been 30 years since a shark had grabbed anyone on a Sydney beach. So I stopped the car and rang the station from a public phone box. It was impossible to disguise the lisp. Rutherford recognised it right away, and we raved on for some time, having a right old radio barney about sharks.

"The following day the program director, John Brennan, now at 2UE, called me at home. He suggested I come into the studio to debate the issue properly. It must have been good listening because the next day, 2SM offered me a contract. I accepted without hesitation. Talk-back is the stuff of my dreams."

Outspokenness on divisive issues has cost him dearly. The Broadcasting Tribunal put him off air on a couple of occasions over his comments on Asian immigration. Taken out of context, the comments do indeed walk the lunatic tightrope – for instance, he has described Asians as "rotten little slant-eyed devils."

It's not that Casey is a racist. He just worries about the make-up of our society in the future, but sometimes doesn't say it quite like that. And others trade on the one certain fact about Casey, which is that if

you bait him often enough, he'll react, mostly violently. Enter Jana Wendt and *A Current Affair*. Casey sought, and was given, an assurance that if he joined a TV debate about immigration, his radio comments would not be quoted out of context. They were, immediately. Casey says he was set up and deliberately provoked. He smashed a glass on the studio floor before walking out. Later, back on Jana's show again, he was told that the incident would not be replayed. Of course it was, right at the outset.

On the second occasion, Jana Wendt was not with Casey in the studio. She was in Melbourne for the Logies and their interview was done via satellite. Given what happened to Normie Rowe, it might have been just as well for Jana. Says Casey: "If Jana was a bloke and had been in the studio, I would have jumped across the table and smacked her in the chops. But I couldn't do that. So I let her have it verbally. And with both barrels. I called her a 'television prostitute', not reflecting her moral behavior but referring to the way in which she deliberately uses issues and people to boost ratings. She is a TV bully who hides behind her skirt."

Casey told her on air: "If anyone has incited racial hatred in this country, it is you, Jana. You prostituted yourself during the TV immigration debate. You have invited me here so you could do your usual nail-to-the-cross job. You don't like

copping it, but you do like dishing it out."

Casey firmly believes a deliberate campaign was mounted to get him off air and to have his comments discredited as those of a "raving ratbag." He says: "There are people who don't want my thoughts expressed."

The appeal of Casey is that they are the thoughts of a great many average Australians. And the thoughts are all Casey's. Genuine. Real. The manner in which he gets them out might often be mere showmanship. But Casey believes what he says. About this point, there can be no confusion.

And he is, too, a likeable scallywag, full of the peculiarly Australian characteristic of self-deprecation. Like the time Casey was making a point for the final chapter of the book about the future Asianisation of this country. He had a map of the world spread out on his dining room table – like a modern-day Napoleon – with pointers and arrows and strange diagrams of rickety boats. It was all very serious for an hour or so. Then he looked up with a devilish grin on his face, suddenly realising how ludicrous it was all starting to sound.

"You must think I'm a nutcase," he said.

After all this time in his company, I'm still not sure. It's down to us all to make up our own minds, with each new and public blow-up an extra piece in the best jigsaw puzzle in town. 

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"Communism was against culture and individual expression," Mia says. "Now they all want to be artists, and it's very serious. The only thing I'm serious about is love. I like men – a lot. I love to feel their hands on my body. I love to see them sweat. My biggest fantasy is to see myself making love up there on the screen, larger than life, for everybody to see. Some people may think it's crazy, but that's what I really want to do."









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Davo

Continued from page 71

half you karate experts are full of shit. You get a decent smack in the mouth and you crap your pants. You pose more than you can fight."

Vittor took a deep breath and you could see him tense at Davo's remark; it was more than his ego could bear, and it was time for him to squash this cockroach. "You think so, do you?" he said slowly.

Davo shrugged. "I dunno. I'm only going on what these blokes told me. I'm only new to this caper." He smiled to himself — the bait had been set.

"What say we have one more round?" said Vittor, a sinister smile appearing through the headgear.

"Yeah — why not?" shrugged Davo again.

No sooner had the student yelled "go" than Vittor sprang at Davo like a tiger. Punches and kicks of all descriptions whistled towards his head and body that would more than likely have knocked him unconscious or broken his ribs if they'd landed. However, as soon as Davo's subconscious noticed that extra tension, his reflexes zoomed into top gear again and Vittor looked like he was going in slow motion, the same as Ken. Davo easily dodged everything Vittor threw at him,

and kept jabbing his left into Vittor's face and slamming rights into his ribs.

The students had stopped their training; some were standing where they were, others had moved closer to the ring for a better view. None were quite certain of what they were seeing. Lee, who was still sitting at his desk sipping a coffee, suddenly noticed the unusual quietness in the gym and looked up to see what was going on. He was just in time to see Vittor throw a full-blooded left snap kick at Davo's head and was almost mesmerised at the way Davo skipped to the side, grabbed Vittor behind the knee, pushed his leg up over his head, then effortlessly kicked his other leg away, causing him to crash heavily on to his back.

Vittor swore loudly and bounced back up to face Davo, who was standing there grinning at him. With a roar of anger he tore off his sparring gloves and flung them out of the ring: Davo quickly did the same thing just as Vittor came at him with a flurry of deadly punches and kicks. Davo skipped easily to the side of the ring as they sailed past his head, then coldly decided this had gone on long enough. It was time to take Vittor out.

Davo balanced lightly on his toes in centre ring, watching as Vittor went to throw a powerful roundhouse kick with his right leg. His foot had no sooner left the floor when Davo moved forward on his right foot and fired his left leg out at a

slight angle, catching Vittor perfectly right in the solar plexus. Davo could feel the muscles part as the toe of his gym-boot sunk into Vittor's stomach almost halfway up his foot. Vittor gave a strangled gasp of pain as his eyes and tongue bulged out, and he was instantly paralysed. No sooner was his foot back on the floor when Davo swung his right leg and slammed the instep against Vittor's thigh, giving him the best corked leg he'd ever had in over 15 years of martial arts. He just had time to let out another agonised grunt as Davo followed up with a right back-fist that split his mouth open and rattled every filling in his head. Vittor cannoned against the ropes and stayed there half crouched over, immobilised, clutching desperately at the top strand for support as his mind swam and everything went out of focus.

"So, Vittor," Davo said moving towards him. "Boxing is a sport for women, is it? Well, try this on your girlfriend." He bent slightly at the knees and swung a thundering left hook, worse than the one he'd hit Ken with, straight into Vittor's face, smashing his nose in a spray of blood and sending him straight over the ropes to crash heavily on to the parquet floor at the edge of the ring.

Davo tore off his headgear and dropped it in the ring, climbed out and quickly walked through the parting students to pick up his overnight bag near Lee's desk. Lee was glaring at him with a mixture of outrage and disbelief: he was about to say something when Davo cut him off.

"Hey, that was all right, Lee. Tell Vegemite, or whatever his name is, that I'll be down again tomorrow for another spar. I reckon I might've learnt something here this arvo."

Within ten minutes he was sitting behind the wheel of his car heading back towards Bondi Junction. Thirty minutes later his adrenalin had settled down and he was sitting in his loungeroom, sipping a cup of coffee.

He'd just knocked out a black-belt martial arts instructor. A man with years of training and experience who had just knocked out his last 15 opponents himself. It wasn't as if he'd taken him by surprise during a friendly spar either, unlike poor Ken. And he'd put him away easily — just as easy as Ken. The only difference between the two was he felt a little remorse for Ken, but Vittor was just an arrogant, bullying prick. He'd enjoyed belting him, especially when his face burst open. That was the other thing that worried Davo.

Shit! Was he turning into a sadist? He thought about it for a few more moments, then shrugged his shoulders and resumed smiling into his coffee. Well, if he was — they ain't seen nothin' yet. 

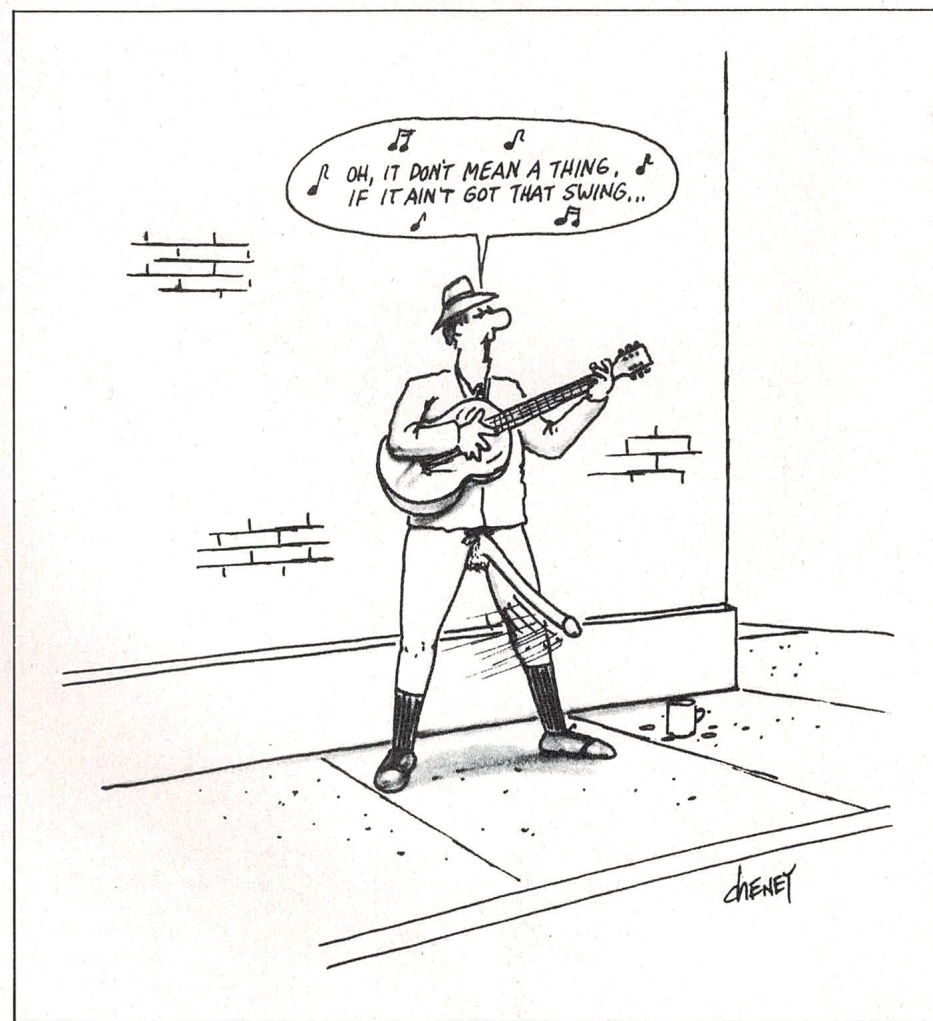
Extracted from *Davo's Little Something* by Robert G. Barrett, Pan, (\$10.95).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER



eastern HEAT

Mia Staniskowsky is a Polish lass who has happily taken advantage of the new rules in Eastern Europe, and moved to the US. "I've always wanted to be in the movies," she confides. "I like to show my body and I've never been shy. I'd like to act in erotic films. In Poland this was not an acceptable thing to want to do. But everything's okay in America."





PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JACK HARRISON

cool harmony

It was the stuff of country-music legend. Della, a buxom blonde, sang lead. Her husband Bob played guitar. Into the mix sauntered Pat, a cool, lanky brunette who sang backup like an angel. The tension between the two girls mounted. Confronted during a sound check, Pat confessed her desire for Bob. "But he's not the only one I want, honey," she purred.





Before long, what had been a jealous triangle had softened into a shifting exchange of mutual passion. All pretences of a rehearsal were quickly abandoned. Assuming the lead, Della learned how to play her lissom bandmate like a finely-tuned instrument, stroking and coaxing her to a feverish pitch. Then it was Pat's turn to teach Della some hot new licks.

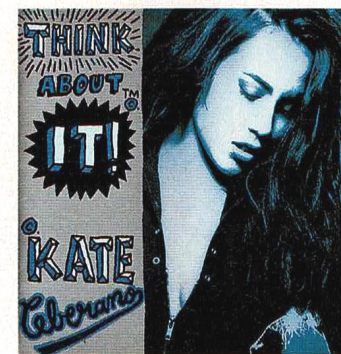


MINING A FUNKY VEIN

Prince is sometimes indulgent, often inspired and prolific as a battery hen. Having crossed his long, uneventful *Graffiti Bridge*, he has now unearthed a precious cache of *Diamonds And Pearls* (Paisley Park). For some recordings he is a one-man studio band, but for this dose of "power soul" he's used his current entourage, the New Power Generation, to great effect. The opening "Thunder" clap is in the spirit of "When Doves Cry", bassless and pinned down by a cavernous bass drum. "Take my hand it'll be all right, C'mon, save your soul tonight" — his promise rings loud and true. He's still bragging (or fantasizing) of "23 positions in a one-night stand" ("Get Off"). A dash of rap and some persistent highlife ("Willing And Able") stretch the previous regal parameters. When they all shift gears for tunes like "Cream (get on top)" they steamroll any listener reticence.

Perth girl **Jo Beth Taylor** has had the Svengali touch from Debbie Gibson — the sort of mixed blessing that Liberace bestowed on Jamie Redfern. Gibson, self-made adolescent, who is as monumentally talented as she is dull, was impressed by Jo B's dynamism and penned some songs for her. Taylor threatens *99 Reasons* (Melodian) to make us love her but only offers 12 on this youthful, blonde debut.

The more evolved **Jenny Morris** and **Kate Ceberano** are also mining a funky vein. KC, whose concurrent persona as a cabaret jazz



chanteuse is waiting in the wings, uses her considerable vocal ability to make us *Think About It* (Regular). She's also employed several producers, recording in Melbourne with Ashley Cadell and C'n'A (Mica Paris, Chaka Kahn) and in New York with the legendary Arthur Baker. Morris was also lured to the Big Apple for *Honeychild* (EW).

Ceberano's is the more machine-regimented, with obvious disco tendencies. She talks about "Love" in big terms bordering on sanctified revelation. "There was a time when love was mine but the rules change... God knows what was going on in my head." Morris is more diverse in the moods she delivers, but also more limited in where she takes them. Her self-deprecatory "Thank Christ for that" at the close of the incessant "baby-baby-baby" chorusing of "Zero" would be equally applicable in a couple of other spots. The kick-off into "There For You" threatens some heavy dub riddims, but apart from the querulous synth warbles, they all play it pretty straight. Lush strings drop the mood on a collaboration with Paul Kelly ("I've Had You"). She also takes the congregation through some funky country ("Crackerjack Man") and gently jabbed organ soul ("Action"). She is also "Tempted" by squeeze's earlier masterpiece, though it loses some of its former elegance with the over-Housed backing.

For a masterful big-soul sing, the experienced voice of **Aretha Franklin** is hard to beat. Her choice of songs on *What You See Is What You Sweat* (Arista) is less infallible but she attacks "I Dreamed A Dream" (from *Les Miserables*) with commitment, stands tall in a ballad duet with Michael McDonald and breathes life into some old "Everyday People."

Sometimes hearing, alone, is not believing. **David Bowie's** 1973 swan-song concert to his persona of *Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars* (Warner Video) at London's Hammersmith Odeon has to be seen. Guru of late-night TV ad-

dicts, Leonard Maltin, deems it "practically unwatchable and unlistenable: cinema verite at its worst." With all the hallmarks of an illicit bootleg, it is still a fascinating chronicle of there and then.

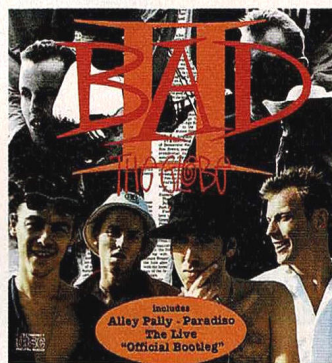
Historic, but far from being a self-imposed eptaph is *24 Nights* (Warner) when **Eric Clapton** was in fine wailing form. This double CD and tape is, by necessity, a highly-distilled version of the said number of concerts at London's Albert Hall in 1990/91. El Clapo plays with a quartet, a nine-piece, a heavy blues band, and the National Philharmonic Orchestra. Old Cream comes up fresh in "Sunshine Of Your Love" and along with more recent releases and some timeless blues, is served



with no overdubs — au naturel.

Chris Whitley offers his own blues-powered rock on his attempt at *Living With The Law* (Columbia). His roots-flavored vision reaches from the American panorama of "Big Sky Country" to the asking of essential truths: "You gotta tell me, was it love or some high-grade alcohol?" ("Kick The Stones").

Mick Jones and his born-again *BAD II* have enshrined the eclectic collage that is often FM radio format on *The Globe* (Columbia). They demonstrate that you can have a sense of humor and an attitude and concur with what the gospel according to St Bob (Dylan) has to say about a great singing voice not being essential for a compelling performance. The release also sports a live disc to prove they can play. — *Jeremy Cook* ○



Clockwise from above: Blues-powered rock from Chris Whitley; Kate Ceberano shows disco tendencies; Prince hits the highlife; compelling sounds from Mick Jones and BAD II.

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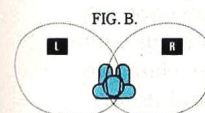
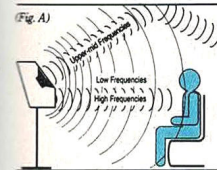


FIG. C.



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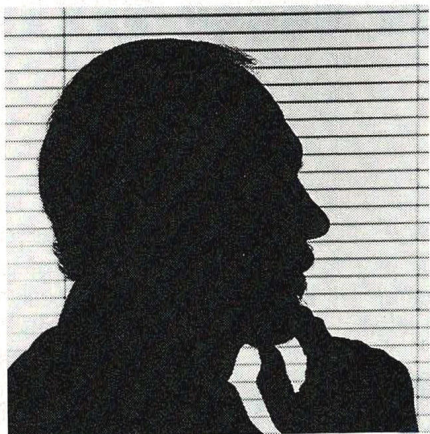
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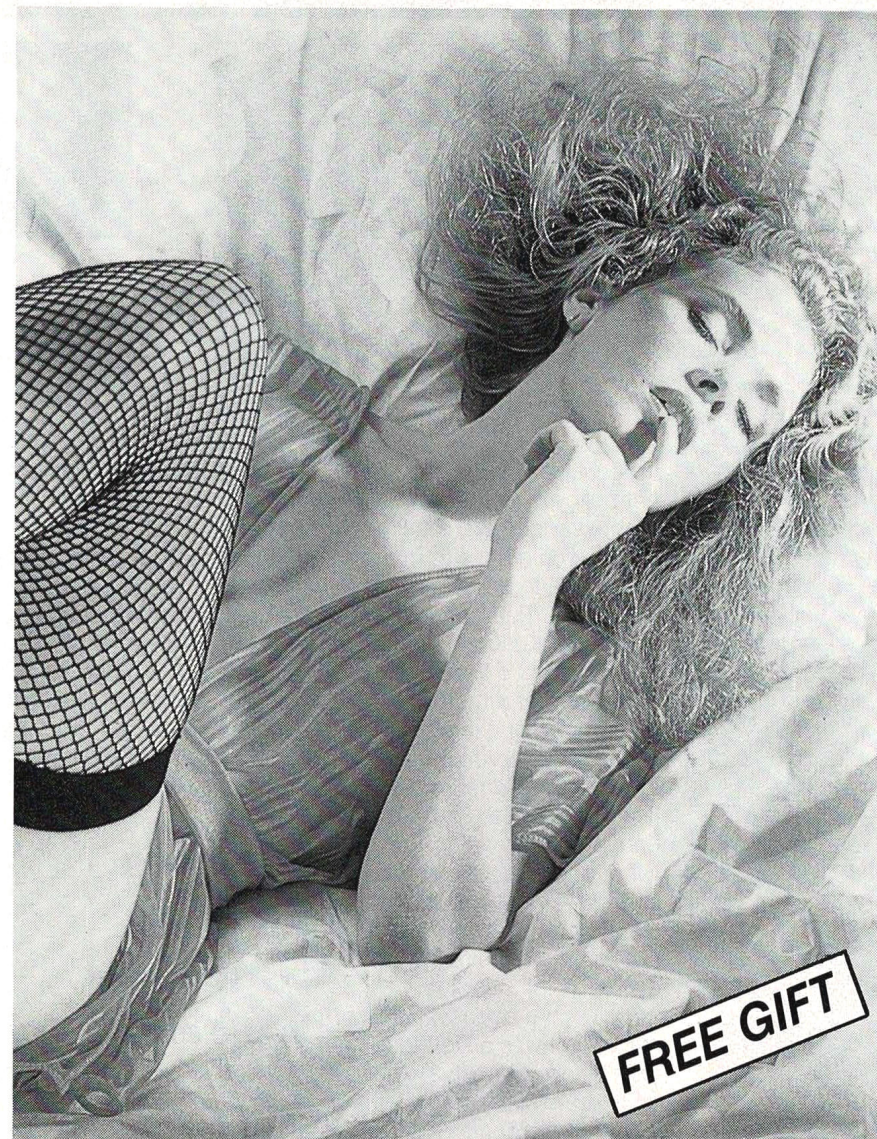
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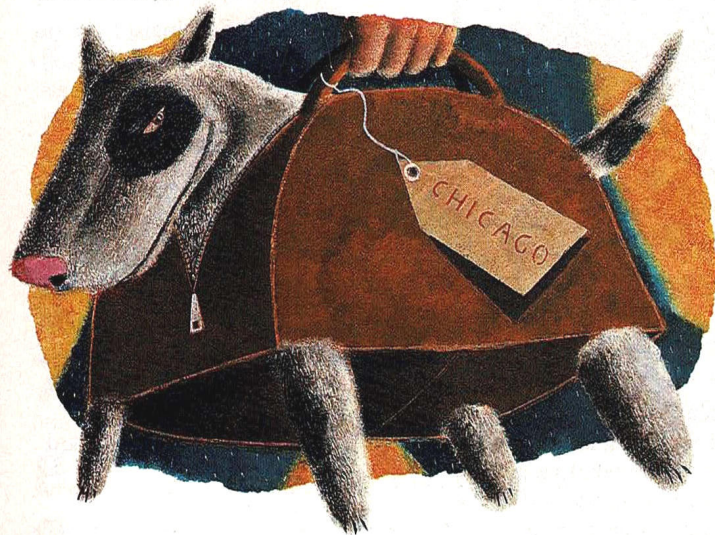


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Al Goldstein is the notorious publisher of America's *Screw* magazine. He is an unabashed connoisseur of sensual pleasure with a wealth of knowledge on how to obtain it anywhere in the world.

MY KIND OF TOWN

Towns and countries have personalities, just like people do. If Australia was a person, I'd envision him as a big, brawly, no-bullshit kind of bloke, cocksure and down-to-earth at the same time. If I tried to find that equivalent in the "personality" of a city instead of a country, I'd find myself



travelling halfway around the world, to Chicago, in the heartland of the US.

Chicago and Australia? They don't immediately spring to mind as a match. But when you think about it, Chicago has the same type of reputation as Australia does. "City of broad shoulders," poet Carl Sandburg called Chicago, and it has tried to shrug off the tag ever since.

The problem with being known as a physical sort of place is that it slights the intellectual and cultural achievements accomplished there. That's why Sydney had to build the Opera House.

Actually, I went to Chicago because of my dog. With my

reputation, if you hear about me travelling with a pet you assume we're talking about a six-foot, chesty blonde, a *Penthouse* Pet. The truth is alas, much more banal. P-Dee is a little terrier runt, not blond but a dirty grey, and he doesn't have any chest to speak of.

But I travel a lot, and I can't bear to be without him. Part of hedonism, after all, is the absence of sadness as well as the pursuit of pleasure,

So when I heard about the pet policy of Chicago's Omni Ambassador East Hotel, I knew I would have to make an excuse to go. The policy is called "VIP Pets" and it's the type of approach to caring for animals that I'd like to see duplicated around the world. Singapore, for example, where they serve up puppies for lunch, could learn a few lessons from the Ambassador East.

For one thing, the service is cheap — \$15 per pet. Plus that money goes to non-profit programs which train seeing-eye dogs for the blind. People have been warning me since I was a kid that if I didn't stop my nasty habits I'd go blind, so I like to think that by participating in VIP Pets, I'm laying the groundwork for my future.

The Ambassador East is not just another hotel. It has a glorious (if slightly raucous) history. Located in State Street, it's in the heart of Chicago's Gold Coast stretch of upmarket glitziness on the shores of Lake Michigan. The heyday for the Ambassador East was in the Thirties and Forties, when travel across the US was mostly accomplished by a four-day train journey, with Chicago as a convenient halfway point.

The Ambassador East was a swank stopover for the elite. It was anchored by the famous Pump Room, a restaurant which catered to stars like Liz Taylor and Tallulah Bankhead. Bogart and Bacall had their wedding breakfast in the Pump Room. Ernie Byfield, who ran the place, was a born showman who dressed his waiters in scarlet swallowtail. For decades, the Pump Room was an oasis of chic.

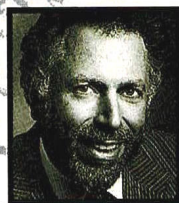
The Ambassador East fell on hard times, but was resurrected in the late Seventies with a million-dollar makeover. You still get the feeling, strolling about its lush hallways, that it is a throwback to a more luxurious age. P-Dee liked it, too. He had his own portable kennel, his own feed bowl, thrice-daily walks and a

"Travelling with a dog is a real pain in the arse."

nightly turn-down service. If a dog can qualify for Travelling Hedonist status, P-Dee definitely made it.

The wide world of Chicago beyond the Ambassador East qualified, too. Chicago, city of the slaughterhouse, is justly famed for its steaks, and I had dinner at the Chicago Chop House, the town's premier steak restaurant. Oddly enough, the beef was just okay, but the lobster half of the surf-and-turf special I ordered was the most delicious I've ever tasted. The restaurant is in an old Victorian style brownstone that is drenched in historical memorabilia from Chicago's past.

An Australian in the US might feel a little lost in the low-density sprawl of Los Angeles. He might feel put off by the cacophony of New York, by the heat and humidity of Houston, by the boiling ethnic mix of Miami. But I have a feeling that if you plunked an Aussie down in the middle of Chicago, he might feel at home. 

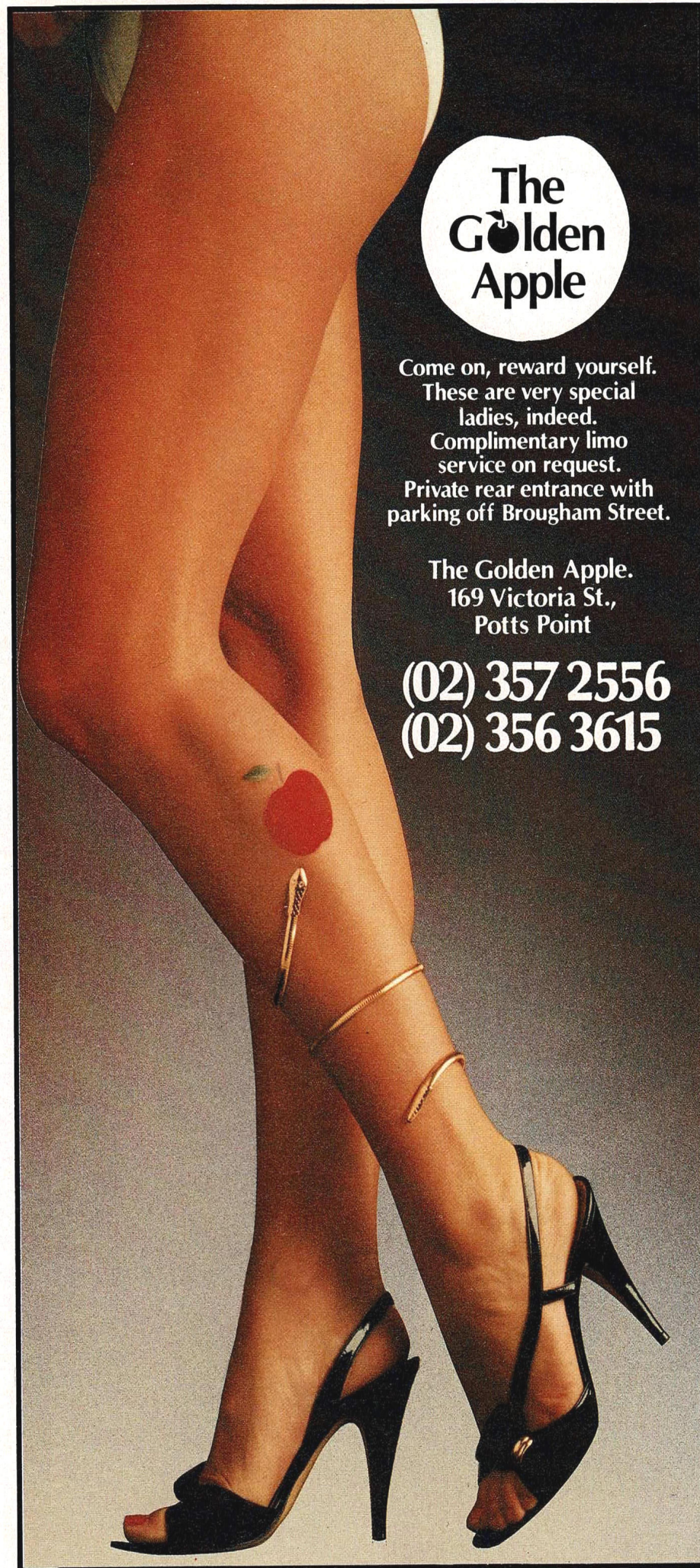


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CURTAIN CALL

"The funniest thing about being a leggy blonde, and being a model," says 25-year-old Shannon Stewart, "is that people assume I'm dumb. It amuses me. There's a certain type of male – you can see 'em coming a mile off, but they don't realise that. Sometimes, to be wicked, I play along with them a little. It's very entertaining." Shannon's been modelling since she was 17. "It's not as glamorous as people think, and I'm tired of it now."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL







Being a model means being permanently obsessed with one's body, Shannon says. "It's a life of avoiding food, working out, not drinking. I want to relax a little. I always said I'd go out in style, with a nude shoot, and this has been tremendous fun. But now it's easy street for me." Shannon has bought herself an around-the-world air ticket. "I don't know when I'll be home," she laughs. "I'm taking a long holiday. I've earned it!"



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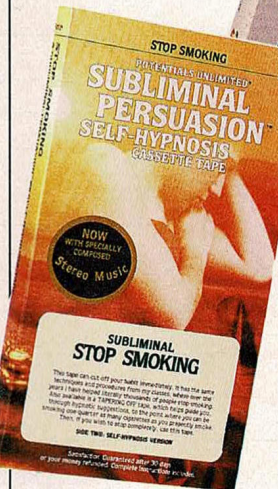


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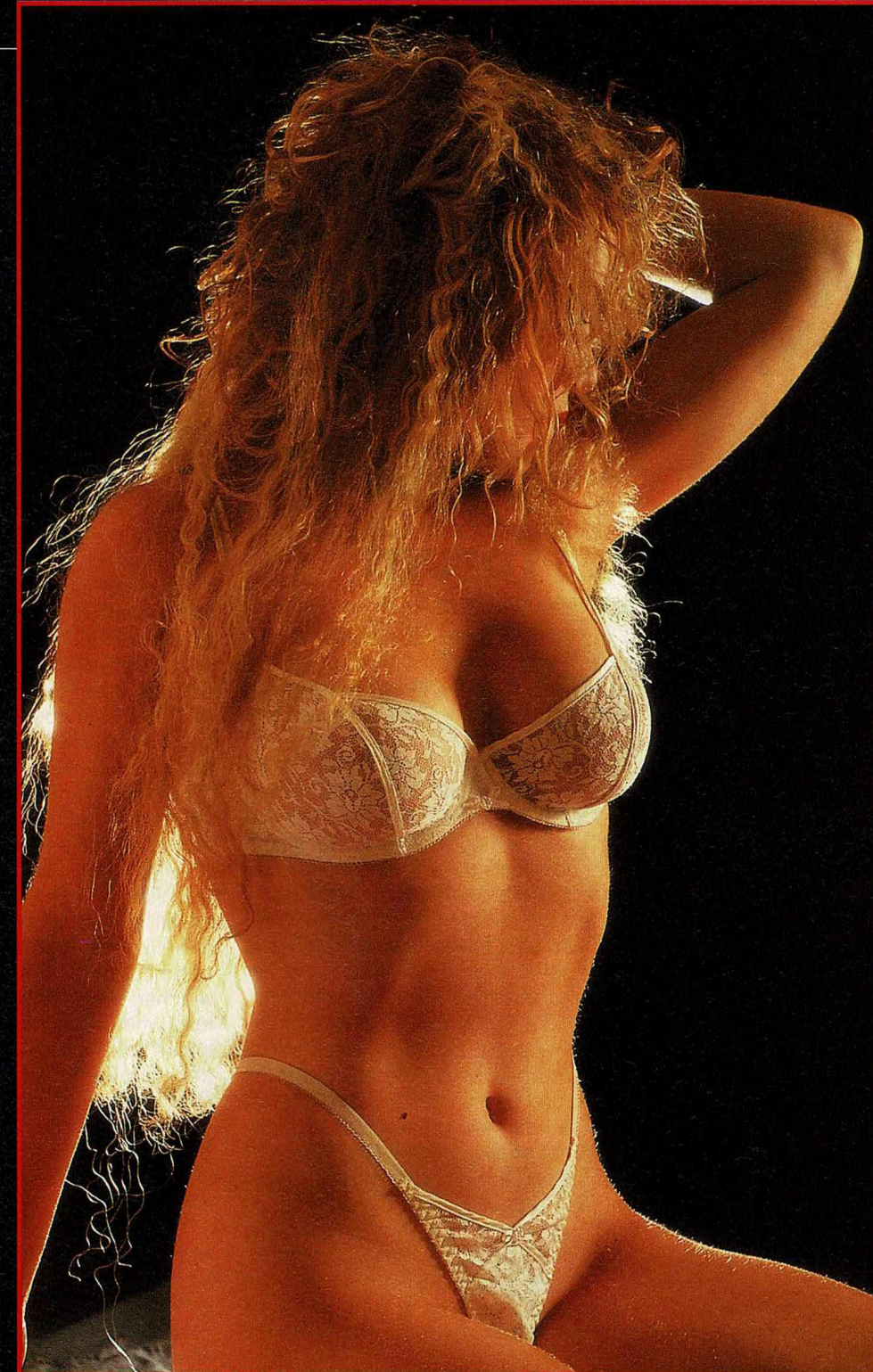
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Continued from page 8

in and out and Cathy was telling me how good it felt. Her firm buttocks were quivering with every thrust, and I could hardly believe how tight and wet and warm her cunt felt.

My orgasm was building rapidly, and I was just about to make the final plunge into Cathy when her mother walked into the room. She stood there with her mouth open, obviously not knowing what to do as she saw her pretty daughter bent over the sofa on all fours, her shirt bunched over her shoulders, breasts swinging freely, jeans around her knees and her boyfriend thrusting his penis into her.

I was at a similar loss as to what to do, and in my panic pulled my cock out of Cathy's cunt. But it was too late to stop my climax, and as my cock pressed against her arse I came in great spurts of sticky white sperm which erupted from the head of my jerking cock and flew up in the air to land on Cathy's curved back. I could not stop and groaned as I bent over Cathy, taking my shaft in my hand to try to stop it. But this only made it worse, as the pressure of my hand around my cock simply increased the force with which my sperm was shooting out.

Cathy was mortified but could do nothing about it in her position, kneeling in front of me with her cunt pouting pinkly and her anus clenched tight. Her mother turned on her heel and walked out, but she had seen a sexual performance hotter than anything on a porn video.

That was the first and last time I fucked Cathy. We still see each other occasionally at parties, and I laugh to myself, wondering what people would think if they knew how we had lost our virginity to each other. — *Name and address withheld*

Fabulous fatties

I would like to provide some advice to those young men and teenage boys in the latter years of school, college or university who are craving a girlfriend but

who are very inexperienced regarding the delights the opposite sex can provide. I know what you're going through — you desire a girl or a woman, but find those long-legged, tanned, athletic beauties remote and unobtainable. You see them in magazines and on television, but can't have them.

Now in my thirties, I experienced all this as a teenager, and it was at university after a particularly "dry" year (but wet for my sheets and pillows) that I really felt the need for a girlfriend. Realising that the beauties were beyond my reach, in my desperation I went for some fat girls instead and was very pleasantly surprised. Since those days, I have never had any problem deriving full satisfaction from all sorts of delightful — and available — ladies.

What made me think of the bigger girls was a relatively recent incident. It involved a lady whom I had met a couple of years ago, before she was posted interstate. It was the other day, a Monday, that she rang me to announce she was back in town. Agreeably surprised, I said I'd pop around to her place in about ten minutes.

Terri was there with her sister Ally when I arrived — both had put on weight. Terri was in a tight jumpsuit and I feasted my eyes on her filled-out figure. I was astonished when, within minutes of my arrival, she asked me to rub her sprained ankle. I proceeded to massage her ankle with increasing relish while the three of us watched television. I nearly groaned with relief when Ally announced she was going to bed, and no sooner had the living-room door closed than Terri and I were embracing, hugging and kissing. As soon as I commenced grasping her fleshy folds, Terri whispered: "I think we would be more comfortable in the bedroom." So off we went.

"You must be quiet," she said. "Ally is next door." I took in her ample buttocks and full breasts as we bedded down with only a candle flickering. We lay there naked and I ran my hand over her body and slowly down to her fleecy fanny. Terri gasped as I rounded into her wet, hot slit. Down I went to feast on her inner upper thighs as she heaved up on her heavy legs, dragging a spare pillow beneath her to prop up her buttocks. I could hardly help myself as her moist tenderness beckoned to me. Then I felt a gentle tug on my ear — and I moved up and slid my manhood into her firm, wet vagina.

Terri let out a sigh of pleasure, clutched me firmly and ordered me to fuck her hard and fast. I proceeded to do as she commanded, delivering one relentless, delightful thrust after another. Terri started moaning and I remembered her warning about the sister in the next room. But as her passion rose, her noise turned into a mild, rhythmic screaming. Just before reaching climax, she began bucking, her belly slapping against my tawny tummy.

Her groaning became shrieking as she entered orgasm. This commotion continued until about halfway through her climax, at which point Terri froze — all I could feel was her clutching vulva. I thought I could actually hear the squelching of her hot, fat fanny as it massaged my straining penis. I quickly looked down at her fully flexed legs and saw her squat toes wriggling.

As Terri's orgasm ended, by now about 45 seconds in duration, there was a knock on the door. "Are you all right in there?" asked her sister Ally.

"Yes," replied Terri.

"It sounded like someone else was in there with you," said Ally suspiciously.

"No," lied my lady lover.

Ally then asked if she could borrow Terri's vibrator. "I won't be long," replied Terri. For some reason this really got me excited. I sank my cock into my fat friend and pumped my man-cream into her, tearing at the pillow beside her head with my teeth in a vain attempt to stop myself screaming with pleasure. As I withdrew to sit back on my haunches and gaze at my sexually satisfied soul mate, I saw the glistening lips of her most intimate and caressed places. It was at this point in time — in the candle-lit bedroom with Terri dozing, still with her legs flexed and apart — that I recalled the fat but wonderfully satisfying girls of my school and uni days. — *Name and address withheld*

Window of opportunity

The events I am going to describe all began with the surprise birthday party held for my wife Helen, which her sister Kathy and husband David helped me organise. Having spent considerable time in their company in the past I had often fantasised about the day when I might be able to draw some meaningful comparison between the sexual prowess of my wife and her sister.

There is less than two years between their ages and they are both of similar build, being about five feet tall with slim figures, long dark hair and both with beautiful tits. I had caught plenty of glimpses of what charms might lie hidden beneath Kathy's rather timid exterior during long, hot summer days spent frolicking around their pool. As we don't have a pool, it was not too difficult for me to find excuses to head off to their house, which is just over a kilometre away, to partake of a cooling swim and to lounge around in a good vantage point in anticipation of catching a glimpse of Kathy's gorgeously erect nipples or wispy black pubic hair sneaking out of her costume.

The evening of the party satisfied my voyeuristic desires in a way I can still recall vividly to this day. The party was a very lively affair with a fairly healthy consumption of alcohol by all those present, including Helen and her sister.

As it was Helen's birthday, a lot of the guys kept bringing her drinks in the spirit of the evening in the hope that they might raise some degree of interest from her in them as the night gathered momentum.

As it turned out, an overdose was the end result, which led to her passing out on the lounge and the party breaking up quietly in the early hours of the next morning.

David and Kathy assisted a little in cleaning up, during which time it was obvious that Kathy had exceeded her normal moderate drinking level and was now quite pissed. I took advantage of the situation to catch a number of glimpses of her succulent tits through the sheer underwear she was wearing, which caused my cock to lock into gear with my brain.

David had, in the past, borrowed from my selection of X-rated movies on occasions when he and Kathy were planning a quiet night at home, and in her current state I suggested he take one home with them and see what eventuated. Having seen them off, I quickly checked on Helen to make sure she was comfortable and would not wake in my absence, then put on my joggers and high-tailed it through the dark streets to David and Kathy's place, where I snuck down the side of their house undetected. From my vantage point outside their lounge-room window, I was just in time to find David loading the video and Kathy making herself comfortable on the lounge by taking off her shoes and loosening her blouse.

Ginger's Private Party had been one of my favorite movies, and was proving the

same with David and Kathy as they became locked in a passionate tongue kiss while David's free hand skilfully undid the remaining buttons on Kathy's blouse only feet away from my hidden position. He was squeezing at her nipples through her flimsy bra as he sucked his way down her neck, until finally he freed her luscious tits. From where I crouched, they looked every bit as succulent as her sister's.

As the action hotted up on the screen I could see Kathy's eyes glazing over with the raging passion building up inside her. Watching her had the same effect on me, and there was no way I was going to miss out on stroking my rigid cock with the scene unfolding before me. I exposed my naked tool to the cool night air and proceeded to massage it as lovingly as Dave was caressing Kathy's naked breasts, which were heaving before me invitingly.

While he was chewing on her now-swollen nipples, David managed to undo the zip on Kathy's skirt and met little resistance when he requested she lift her cute arse enough for him to slide it down her slender thighs and discard it unceremoniously in the corner of the room. By this time my cock was aching with pleasure at the good fortune of my midnight escapade, to be witnessing such an amazing event so closely that I almost felt part of it. Kathy's knickers matched the enticing bra which was still hanging loosely over her shoulders. David's hand was quick to find its way into the front of her pants and in no time he was massaging her clit to her first orgasm of the evening.

I continued to stroke my cock, savoring

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the sight before me. Kathy stood up and I had to hide from view as she began a seductive striptease, removing what was left of her clothing. She then proceeded to run her hands all over her body and insert a finger very slowly into her own wetness.

After bringing herself to yet another orgasm she lowered herself to the floor in front of David and slid his clothing off to display a raging hard-on, which she quickly engulfed with her mouth, administering long slow strokes.

Feeling bold, I stood squarely in front of the window admiring the closeness as Kathy raised herself enough to slide on to David's thick cock. She began to writhe around, throwing her head back with eyes closed, banging down on it for all she was worth. I quickened the pace myself as I massaged my cock, and the need grew within my nuts to let loose.

Seeing that Kathy and David were nearing orgasm I pumped away in time, planning to come with them. Just at the moment when Kathy was at her peak she opened her eyes and stared straight into mine. My heart skipped a beat, and had I not been so close to coming I would have frozen on the spot. Instead, Kathy looked down to my hand pumping on my cock, then looked back up with an impish grin as she watched me come through the throes of her own orgasm.

By the time we had all regained our composure there was just enough time for us to exchange one more glance before she turned her attention to Dave, and I quickly put my sagging cock away and sneaked off into the night. — *Name and address withheld*

Share and share alike

My roommate Sam and I have been good friends for most of our 24 years. But most of the time, we don't socialise together and barely know each other's girlfriends.

Recently, on a Sunday, we got up early to go surfing. When we got back home, my girlfriend Jasmine had left herself in and was comfortably nestled on the couch watching television. Sam and I passed through the house, pulling off our wet-suits, and joined her after stopping by the kitchen to pick up some coffee. I cuddled up with her on the couch, and Sam parked himself on the floor. Not a minute later, Jasmine started massaging my shoulders and chest. My skin was cold from the ocean, which made her warm hands feel incredible. Sitting behind me, she slid her hands into my pants and began to rub my thighs. I always joked that I was at my horniest after being in the cold water of the Tasman. At this point, of course, I felt my cold cock begin to unfold from its shrivelled condition. It grew hard just before Jasmine moved her hands up

to get a better feel. With Sam there, I wanted to refrain from doing anything too obvious.

Suddenly, though, Jasmine looked at Sam and joked that maybe he could change the channel, unless he really wanted to watch cartoons. He hesitated but eventually jumped up and grabbed the remote control. It was apparent from the bulge in his sweatpants that he had noticed Jasmine's handiwork. In a flash, before he could sit back down, she laughed and pulled his sweats down around his knees. Embarrassed, he tried to grab for them, but was too close to Jasmine and me and had no space to move. Standing next to the couch, he was stuck with his hard cock inches from Jasmine's face. Without hesitation, she grabbed him and pulled his arse toward her, guiding his throbbing organ right into her mouth. I was very surprised, but turned on at the same time.

She must have sensed that I was tense about the whole thing, so she reached around behind her to feel my rock-hard rod. Still taking every inch of Sam into her mouth, she leaned back and slid off her bikini bottoms. Without hesitation, I slipped my sweat-pants off and guided her back between my legs. I reached around her and lowered my hands on to her well-warmed lap. Sam, still thrusting into her mouth, stood facing us, sandwiching Jasmine between the two of us. She and I sat so that I could massage her wet crotch from behind. Soon my cock had grown so hard that it ached and needed to be inside her. We took a brief moment to reposition, and ended up with Sam and I facing each other, his warrior in Jasmine's mouth and me pounding her beautiful, wet cunt from behind.

I could see from Sam's face that he was ready to lose his load any second. I watched his body start to shudder as Jasmine swallowed every drop of his come. His orgasm seemed endless, which further excited me. Within moments I felt the familiar burning tickle and knew that I was not going to last much longer. At that moment I felt Jasmine tighten down on me as she screamed in ecstasy. I quickly reacted by pumping my entire load into her. Sam, still stroking his player, just smiled. Jasmine shivered as the last moments of orgasm dissipated.

Sam and I have not shared girlfriends since, but I think we would both be willing to try it again. — *Name and address withheld*

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Friendly frenzy

I am a 32-year-old woman, 5'8" tall with long legs and a 36-24-36 figure, and I keep in shape by running, swimming and having heaps of sex! Just recently a girlfriend of mine invited me over to stay with her and her boyfriend Ross, so I arrived on a Friday night and had a meal and a few drinks with them. Before it got too late I went to bed, feeling pleasantly tired. I was awoken in the small hours by noises I could not at first identify. Of course, if I had not been so foggy with sleep it would have occurred to me what I was hearing.

I walked down the hallway to Diane's room and as the door was partially open, I looked in. The source of the noise was obvious — Diane and Ross were making love. I went straight back to my own room and settled down for the night. However, the image of Diane's full, naked body straddling Ross as they fucked was so arousing that I felt seriously turned on.

However, I fell asleep eventually and awoke the next morning refreshed and fit. I went for a run and returned to find Ross and Diane next to the swimming pool, sunning themselves. And when I say sunning, I mean they were wearing nothing at all. I didn't know quite what to do until Diane said: "Why don't you go for a swim, Jane?"

I was a little shy, but hot from my run, so not being able to think of a reason why I shouldn't take up her suggestion I began to shrug off my shorts and top. I couldn't help noticing that Ross's penis was growing larger as it lay on one of his thighs. For his part he just looked me in the eye and smiled in a friendly way. I blushed and, dropping my clothes, dived into the pool. The water was fabulous and its effect was enhanced by my being nude. I struck out for a series of lengths, not pausing at either end. Finally I slowed down and swam towards the side of the pool where I knew Diane and Ross were. My weekend was about to begin.

As my head cleared the edge of the pool I was greeted by the sight of Ross's buttocks rising and falling as his stiff cock plunged in and out of Diane, who was lying under him. He had one of her legs held in the crook of his arm so that it was

bent back towards her shoulder, and her other leg was wrapped around Ross's left thigh as he crouched over her. They alternated between kissing deeply and Ross sucking her right breast. Diane was moving her loins up to meet every thrust from Ross.

I was fascinated and increasingly turned on. Diane's cunt was really juicy. Ross's cock made loud slurping noises as it moved in and out. I was able to see her cunt lips stretched tight around what was obviously a big hard penis.

Ross turned around at that point, and as he caught my eye his cock slipped out of Diane. He knelt back on his haunches and his cock, glistening wet, quivered against his belly. Diane was breathing heavily, her full breasts heaving, her cunt gaping open, a dribble of juice running down the crack of her arse.

"We started without you," said Ross, "but perhaps you would like to join in?" Without thinking I climbed out of the pool and crawled on all fours over to where they were. My own cunt was juicing at the sight of Ross's cock. He hadn't moved, and it was so easy for me to just slip the head of his cock into my mouth.

My wet hair fell on his thighs as I lapped greedily at their combined love juices. Ross lay on his back, which meant that I had to lean further forward to keep his cock in my mouth. And as I did so, my arse tilted up in the air, a signal for Diane

to move in behind me. She held on to my firm thighs and I could feel her nipples brushing my arse. Then she started to lick my cunt. This was something that had never happened to me before and I tensed up, but Diane just told me to relax and go with the flow. "We haven't even started with you yet," she said.

I couldn't concentrate on Ross's cock as Diane's tongue began to snake into my cunt, and soon I was moaning loudly towards my first orgasm, a shuddering earthquake when it happened. While I recovered, Ross and Diane got into position again. This time Ross crouched over her in a semi-kneeling position with both her legs pushed back against her chest. Ross called to me: "I want you to put my cock into Diane." Moving across, I took his rigid shaft in both hands and, as he leant over Diane's spread thighs, I guided it into her love lips. Doing this almost made me come again. I was mesmerised by this thick cock sliding deeper and deeper into my friend's body.

His balls hung quite low in their sack, which suggested to me that he was not yet ready to come. So I lay on my side and gently moved my face towards their genitals, from where I was able to lick Ross's cock as it emerged from Diane's cunt and to taste the fluids mixed in her pubic hair. This really set the pace and Ross began to power in and out. I increased my activity, hungrily lapping at



"I'm afraid we're out of embalming fluid, so I had her stuffed with wild rice."

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his shaft and balls. With a scream he came, and I watched his balls pump their contents into her cunt. He thrust in and out a couple more times, which released his sperm in thick gobs around her cunt. Finally he pulled out altogether and Diane, still with her legs drawn up, lay there with her cunt wide open, oozing her boyfriend's sperm.

It seemed only natural at the time that I lean forward and eat her out. My tongue was lost in the space created in her cunt by Ross's great penis. Meanwhile, Ross had moved in behind me and was easing that still-hard cock, covered with Diane's cunt juice, into my own pussy. I gratefully raised my bottom in the air as his shaft filled my hungry love tunnel. I could feel every inch of him as he started to thrust into me. Diane in the meantime had turned around so that her head was under my cunt.

Levering herself up on her elbows, she began to lightly caress my clit with her tongue as Ross continued to fuck me. I could feel her breasts against my stomach, and again my whole body spasmed as I came with a force I had never felt before.

My cunt was now so wet that love juice was dripping out down my thighs and also on to Diane's upturned face as she carried on licking me. Ross was really fucking now. His great horse cock was pistoning in and out of me. He moistened a finger with my juice and eased it up my arsehole, then without warning pulled out of my cunt and thrust the head of his rampant shaft into my arsehole. I screamed, but he held me firmly as he pushed into me.

He began to move in and out while Diane pushed first two fingers and then three into my cunt. It drove me absolutely wild. It was incredible — a hard cock in my arse and my girlfriend's fingers up my cunt.

I was beside myself with lust, moaning and yelling to them, "Fuck me! Oh, fuck me, make me come, fill me, fuck me, fuck me!"

I buried my face in Diane's creamy pussy and sucked her quivering clit, poking my tongue as deep as it would go into her cunt, biting her thighs. Ross had grabbed hold of my tits and was roughly kneading them and pinching my nipples. Diane was thrusting her fingers in and out of my cunt while she, too, bit my thighs

and thrust her loins towards me.

It could not go on forever, and when the climax came I almost fainted. With a great roar Ross exploded and thrust savagely into my anus. I felt his rigid shaft pulsating and jerking as he pumped gallons of his sperm into me. Diane lifted her legs up and clamped her thighs tightly around my head, holding my tongue inside her, and I felt her contracting as she came.

As for me, I thought I was about to disintegrate as my whole being floated away on powerful waves of intense sexual pleasure, and I collapsed on top of Diane. How can I remember all this? Well, Diane and Ross had set up a video camera and recorded the whole scene. They told me that they knew I had caught them at it in the bedroom, and Diane said that she had been incredibly turned on when she realised her best friend had seen her impaled on her lover's cock. So they had decided to fuck while I was in the pool in order to help me lose my inhibitions. Boy, did they ever succeed! — *Name and address withheld*

Lady lovers

As I lay awake well after you had gone this morning, my mind began to ramble through my sexual diary of memories. One particular love session stood out more brightly than the rest. As I drifted back in time, my wetness increased with each thought, and I found myself searching for

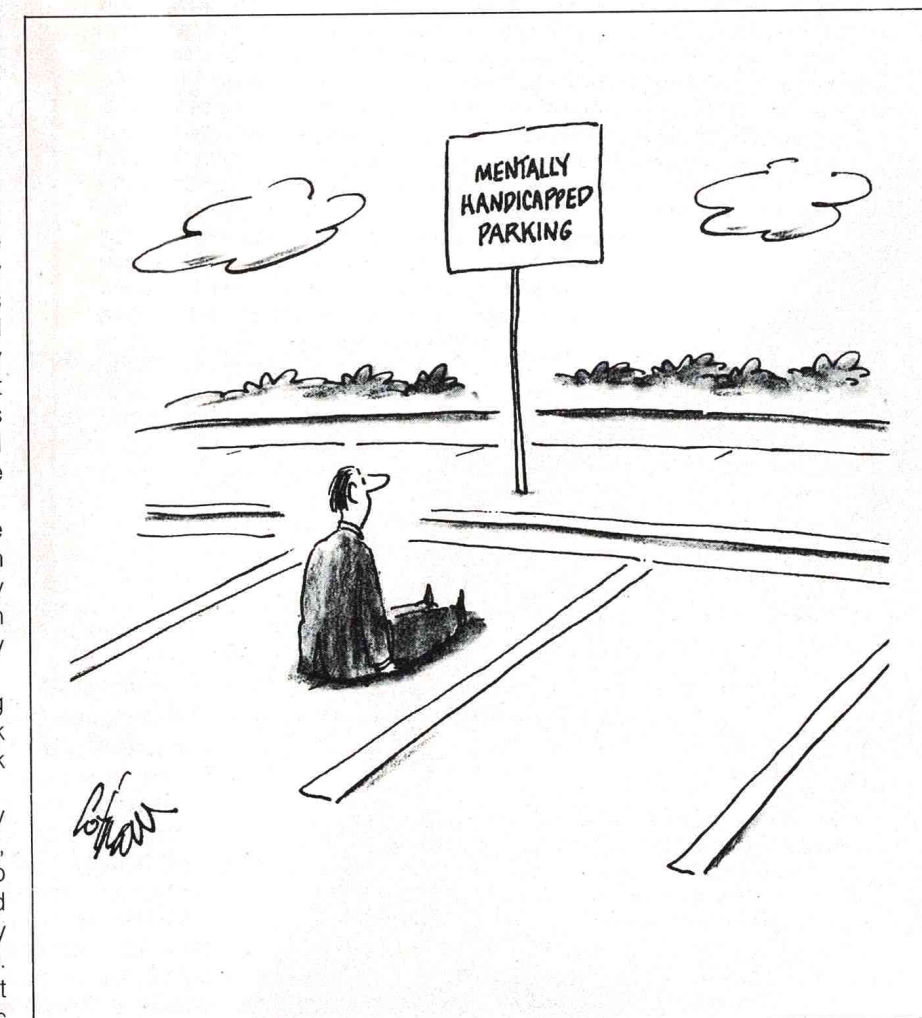
my own softness as I drifted further into the depths of my memory.

I felt the sun beating down on my tan shoulders and my shining, golden blonde hair blowing in the sea breeze. We lay there naked, basking as much in each other as in the sun itself. The warm rays of the sun became more intense as we drifted away to the physical pleasures of love. You turned to me and caressed me softly, our lips met and we became engulfed in each other.

Excitement built to passion when I mounted your face and rode you with a ferocity known by few. I reached behind myself, following the curves of your body, and found your femininity warm and moist, inviting me to slip inside. My fingers were surrounded by the heat of your walls as you held me in. Your tongue tempted my sexuality, and I lost control. Our juices flowed together as we reached the point of sheer ecstasy and exploded.

I looked down to see you covered with my wetness, sweat, and sunshine, and lay back atop your body, totally drained. As we regained control, the sun set softly, kissing the edge of the ocean and ending another beautiful day on the bay.

Lying there on top of you with the sun, the sea and the breezes was once a reality — now reborn as a fantasy — and one of the greatest sexual adventures in our relationship. Here's to many more. — *Name and address withheld*



loose ends



The multi-colored, hip-length Monza bike jacket is fashioned in soft premium cowhide. An option to your basic black leathers, the Monza is designed for motorcycling in all weather conditions, with a ventilation system allowing air flow-through when Velcroed shoulder vents are opened. Elasticised leather shoulder panels make reaching forward easier and reflective piping on sleeves aids night visibility. Shoulders and elbows are padded with protective Neoprene and Velcro fastening replaces press studs at collar, cuffs and waist. Made in Australia by Walden Miller Leather, the Monza sells for around \$400. For enquiries, phone (08) 272 7655, fax (08) 272 1935.

COLOR FAST

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WITH
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Until 1984, Rebel Yell bourbon was only available south of the Mason-Dixon Line. Since then its popularity has conquered each of its export markets, Australia included. This golden drop has been a product of Kentucky, the Bluegrass State, since 1849, and it owes its unique flavor to a combination of Indian corn and wheat, rather than the rye of most bourbons. Hence its marketing line: Rebel Yell — the bourbon with a whisper of wheat. Pure limestone water and maturation in deep-charred white oak barrels enhance its quality. To win one of ten Rebel Yell promotional packs comprising a bottle of the mellow amber spirit and a selection of Rebel Yell merchandising goodies, write the answers to the following questions on the back of an envelope, along with your name and address. 1. What ingredient distinguishes Rebel Yell from other bourbons? 2. Where is Rebel Yell made? 3. Rebel Yell is the bourbon with a whisper of what? Send your entries to Rebel Yell Competition, United Distillers Australia, PO Box 165, Rosebery NSW 2018. Entries close Friday, February 14, 1992. Winners will be the first ten correct entries drawn, and names will be published in a forthcoming issue of Australian Penthouse.



AT A GLANCE

The Encore Dual Time Watch has been designed for travellers, handily featuring two analogue faces you can set for time at home and overseas. The quartz watch with modern white face (3.5 cms in diameter) and gold-plated case and hands and black leather band is suitable for both men and women. Affordably priced at \$69.89, or in two interest-free payments of \$34.95. For enquiries and orders, phone (02) 281 2355, or write to K. & D. Bond International, 3rd Floor, 8 Kippax Street, Surry Hills, 2010.



pocket accessories

The Penny Pack credit card holder and business card dispenser are great gifts from Italian design-house Nava. Simply and functionally styled in durable red, grey or black plastic, both items are as sturdy as they are useful. The Penny Pack retails for around \$36 and the card dispenser for around \$40. For stockists, contact G. & C. Ventura, phone (02) 555 7277, or fax (02) 555 7278.



GONE TROPPO

Club Tropical at Port Douglas is a resort designed to offer seclusion and relaxation in five-star luxury. For the summer, Club Tropical is offering a limited special offer, a package for five or ten nights at \$142.50 per person per night. The offer includes some meals and drinks and a return coach from Cairns Airport. The offer ends on May 31, 1992. To book, phone Club Tropical on (070) 99 5885 or fax on (070) 99 5768.



The winner of the Microsoft competition, September '90 issue was G. Parry, Bunbury WA. The winners of the Carrera sunglasses competition, October '90 issue, were: T. Campbell, Ringwood, Vic; B. Gillan, Paradise Point, Qld; D. DeClifford, Yorkeys Knob, Qld; Mark Griffin, McKenzie Creek, Vic; G. Ford, Toronto, NSW; G. Wallace, Karana Downs, Qld; A. Fowler, Summer Hill, NSW; N. Wines, Cook, ACT; R. Wakefield, Kardinia, WA; T. J. Cook, Everton Park, Qld; R. Whorrod, Newport, NSW; D. Horne, Scullin, ACT. The winners of the Angove's Competition, October '90 issue, were: J. Silcock, Coolana, Qld; S. Henderson, Maroubra, NSW; David Bibb, Yass, NSW; G. Gordon, Townsville; M. Woods, Mornington, Vic.

AND THE WINNERS ARE ...



POLO STYLE

Since 1967, the menswear designs of American Ralph Lauren have been hot favorites for style-conscious globetrotters. Lauren's Polo label became available in Australia through limited outlets in February last year, and such was the success of the line that a Polo/Ralph Lauren specialty store has now opened in Sydney's Queen Victoria Building. The Polo style is quality, classic apparel and accessories for men, including, for this season, cotton silk blend sweaters, linen trousers, bright rugby shirts and timeless navy doeskin blazers. Open all week, the store is located on the QVB ground floor.



CRIME

Continued from page 31

Other tales of attacks on Japanese abound. Yuichi Takayashiki, 24, was slashed in the back of the neck with a knife in late 1990 while riding his pedicab. It transpired in court that Takayashiki sustained the five-centimetre gash to his neck after his Australian attacker had tried to cut a bag off his back. The attacker got three years' probation. Another Japanese tourist was walking along the Gold Coast Highway when an 18-year-old local grabbed his bag containing \$600 and a Canon camera, punched him in the face and made off. The bag was recovered. The thief got three years in prison.

A crime that doesn't show up in the breakdown of police figures is "beach theft." Constable Craig says there are well organised gangs of thieves who work the beaches during the tourist season. The gangs often use two look-outs, a thief and a get-away driver as they prey on parked cars full of valuables and bags left unattended while the owners are out swimming.

Police are moving to stop these gangs. Undercover squads of police at Gold Coast beaches proved popular last summer, and police will use them again, according to Detective-Sergeant Kevin Matthews. Visitors to the Gold Coast will also notice bicycle-riding police patrolling the beaches, and maybe even mounted police to help curb crime. In early 1991 police launched Operation Nightwatch, an exercise involving 32 police officers from all areas of the Coast who went undercover as well as watching for muggings and bag-snatchings from high-rise buildings and unmarked cars around the problem areas of Surfers. The operation went on for three weekends, but Matthews says it brought mixed results. "We didn't catch any muggers or bag snatchers - but we caught a lot of criticism for pulling officers off their beats. Sometimes you just can't win."

Those involved in the tourism industry still hope they can win. The Gold Coast Visitors and Convention Bureau supplies brochures to Japanese tourists that warn of walking with valuables through the streets of Surfers and of taking them to the beach. Hotel bedroom signs say the same. The Gold Coast City Council is erecting beach signs in English and Japanese warning about unattended valuables. But if these warnings are not heeded, and the efforts of police crime-fighting are not successful, then Australia's Tourism Capital could lose its crown to the increasingly popular Cairns. The beaches and climate will always be there, but for the Japanese and tourism industry alike, the Gold Coast could become a Paradise Lost. 



Pet Of The Month, Catherine Dupain

INSIDE MARCH AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Office Espionage — Radical technological breakthroughs have taken industrial espionage and terrorism beyond a James Bond scriptwriter's wildest fantasy. Next month's *Penthouse* reveals the latest hi-tech counter-espionage equipment — fax intercept units, laser surveillance systems, briefcase theft immobilisers and more, in an era when the walls really do have ears.

Firefighters — The world of the fireman is a waiting one, punctuated by action, drama, suffering and death. March *Australian Penthouse* presents an explosive pictorial study of the men who know how to handle the heat.

Yesterday's Hero — Pat Cash's 1987 Wimbledon win was one of the great moments in Australian sport, an achievement which created an expectation of further victories from a demanding public. What has prevented the 26-year-old Cash from kicking on? And why is he now the subject of so much criticism from fellow players and the media? March *Australian Penthouse* answers these questions.

Pet Of The Month — March Pet Catherine Dupain is an ice-cool lady with a fiery streak, and she blows hot or cold depending on what moves her most. Catch up with Catherine and her secret desires in next month's *Australian Penthouse*.

purity & power



THE PERFECT MATCH BECOMES THE PERFECT MACHO



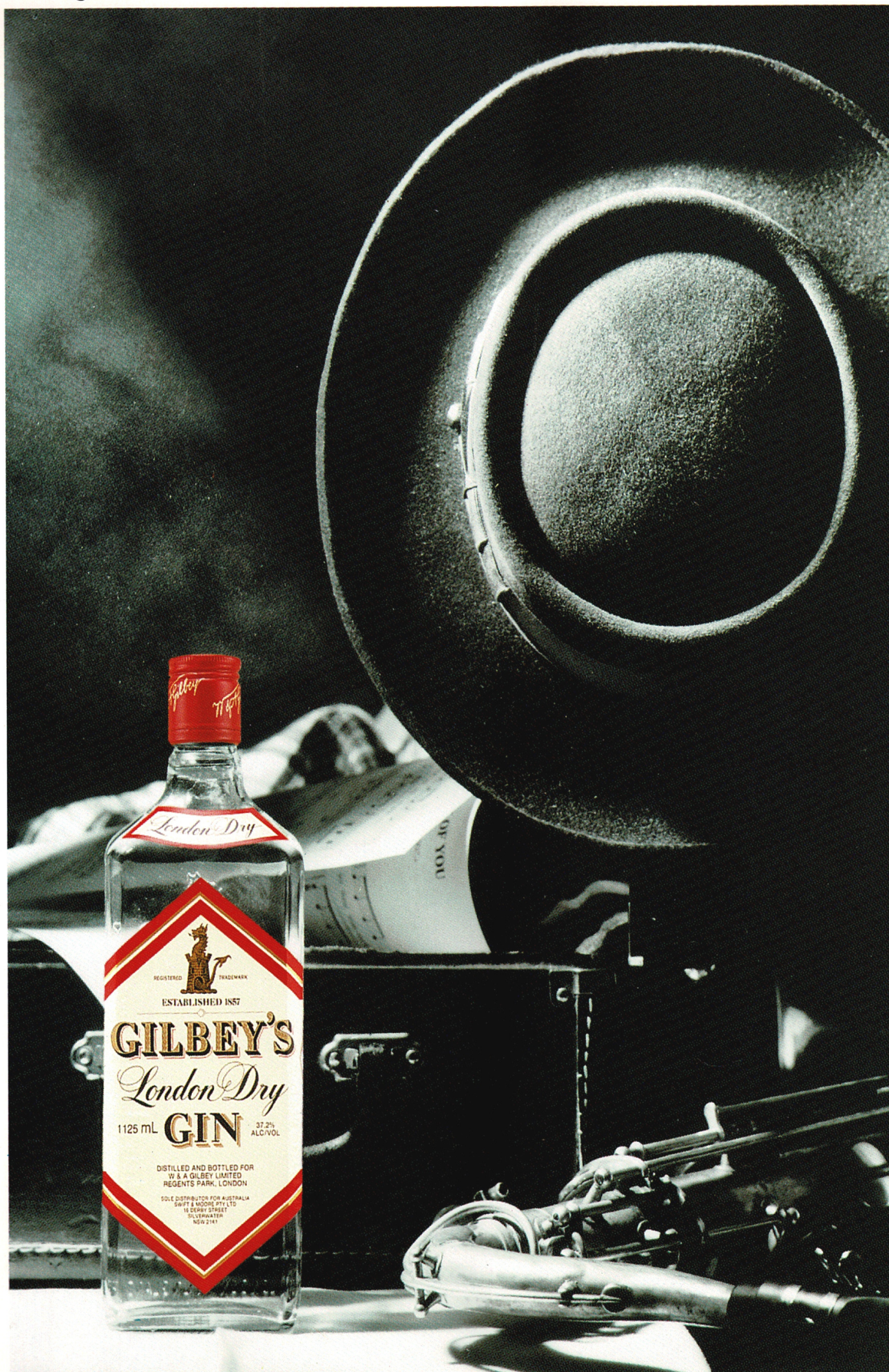
The combination of the SC80 Control Amplifier and our SM80 Power Amplifier creates a synergistic partnership that delivers intensely pure reproduction to above specification output, with full system remote capability. In fact, our 100W output has been independently tested by Australian Hi Fi to consistently return 136W RMS per channel at 8 ohm.

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